FROM HELL

The Real Story of Jack the Ripper

Screenplay

by

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Fourth Draft

OUT OF DARKNESS

Fade up a title card:

> In 1883 the volcano on the Indonesian island of Krakatoa erupted, showering the world with dust. As it fell to earth, it caused a number of strange atmospheric effects. In 1888 the city of London witnessed increasingly bizarre sunsets - green and blood red skies. Contemporary accounts describe it as an unusually lightless year. In retrospect, it seems appropriate...

A WOODEN BEAM (DUSK)

that looks like a gallows stands on top of a building, silhouetted against a green and red sunset. Far away the Big Ben chimes the hour: 7pm. It sounds like doom.

We crane down from the beam - it is a hoist used to raise bales of cotton into the top floor of a factory. Storemen - filthy clothes, haggard faces - ride the bales up and down. Through the windows we see the factory - women and children operate steam-driven cotton looms. Gas lights on the walls, the belch and roar of machinery.

We keep going lower - past grim tenements and hovels: ten or twelve people to a room, washing strung across filthy alleys, coal fires spewing smoke. We are in Whitechapel, one of the worst slums in the world, the underbelly of London.

But still we crane lower - a blood-house of a pub on every corner, the streets crowded with desperate people. Scores of prostitutes, ranging from early teens to late 40's, work the sidewalks. The camera is no longer craning. It tracks past -

A GRIM AND AWFUL CHURCH (NIGHT)

The massive portico and tower are deliberately out of proportion, designed to instill a sense of fear in those who enter. Its name is Christchurch and it stands in the heart of Whitechapel.

A prostitute walks through its shadow, looking for trade. She's in her early 20's, poorly dressed but attractive: auburn hair that falls to her shoulders and large bright eyes. There's something wild and spirited about her. Maybe it's because she was born in Ireland. Her name is Mary Kelly.

We track with her - past a drunken laborer trying to make a deal with a hollow-eyed woman. A man dressed as an Orthodox Jew glances at them. The laborer turns -

LABORER
What are ya lookin' at, ya fuckin' Lipski?
Piss off!

Whitechapel is home to London's largest Jewish enclave. Like most other places in Europe, anti-Semitism is rife. Mary skirts round a couple of urchins picking through garbage. A man in a leather apron falls into step beside her. He's a butcher.

We don't hear what he says but he's propositioning her. He gives her three pennies and they turn into an alley: most sex in Whitechapel is conducted in darkened doorways or filthy courtyards. As they merge into the darkness, we pan off them -

A black carriage trundles past. It is drawn by a matched pair of black horses, leather bridles and brass fittings gleaming. All its lamps are dimmed. We see neither the occupant or its driver. Let's call it the death coach.

We track with it - through the tangled traffic of coaches and hand-wagons, past the bobbing crowds of beggars and drunks. From inside the coach we hear a woman -

POLLY (O.S.)
Grapes - ooh, I do love 'em, sir. I never can afford 'em though. When I was a girl -

A man's voice. We don't know him, but history has given him a name -

JACK (O.S.)
Sssh.

The carriage breaks through the knot of traffic and accelerates. We keep tracking with it - faster, urgent. It swings down a side-street and across an intersection: grim walls and soot-covered hovels. The coach swings hard through an archway and into a black-hole of shadow. We chase it -

BUCK'S ROW (NIGHT)

We fly through the gloom - the carriage has slowed in a garbage-strewn, deserted alley. We race towards the door. It opens -

Polly's face launches straight at us. She's in her late 20's, her eyes glassy and staring. Her throat has been cut. Blood covers her shoulders and bodice. She topples out of the coach and hits the cobblestones. Dead.

Slam! The carriage door shuts. Crack! The driver snaps the whip. As the carriage takes off we crane up - out of the dark and crooked alley, past the jumbled roofs and chimneys of Whitechapel, over the houses and shops of the middle class.

We keep going higher - past the drawing rooms of the wealthy aristocrats, up the facades of the buildings of imperial England - the Colonial office, the Treasury, the Houses of Parliament. Across the massive dome on top of St Paul's Cathedral to -

THE CROSS (NIGHT)

that stands on top of it. The whole of London is laid out below us - gas-lights burning, chimneys smoking, mist trailing along the River Thames. Once again Big Ben tolls the hour. It looks and sounds like something -

FROM HELL

THE MAIN TITLES

take place in the iris of an eye. Images float towards us - silhouettes of poverty and violence: a woman in an alley being taken from behind; the gargoyles on the facade of Christchurch; a bear being savaged by dogs; a carriage wheel crushing a child...

We pull out from the eye to reveal the rest of the face -

A RUGGED, HANDSOME MAN (NIGHT)

lies on a silk-covered divan. He is wasted, sweating, staring wide-eyed up at the ceiling. He's in his late 50's, well built, with a strong jaw and character lines etched deep in his face. You can tell he's lived a life and though he doesn't look much now, there's something about him that makes you feel you'd want him on your side. His name is Fred Abberline.

He lies in one of London's up-market, but illegal, opium dens. Several dozen people - a few women, some men in evening wear - lie on divans, chasing the dragon. In the center of the room a group of men sit around a large table. Lying on it are two young Russian women - very beautiful, totally naked. The men run their fingers lightly over the women's bodies, using the touch to fuel their opium fantasies.

In the corner, a man uses a 10" double-edged knife to cut the opium into small blocks. It's heated over braziers and put into long pipes. An urchin carries one of the pipes to Abberline but he shakes his head - he's too far gone to need it.

He gazes up at the ceiling - a horse in battle-dress rears up, snorting blood; a man's body hangs from a lamp-post; a woman's bloated corpse is hauled from the river; a boy with no legs is dragged through the streets on a trolley; the haunting face of a little girl stares up from a pile of garbage.

From far away - voices yelling. Abberline drags himself back to reality - the horse snorting blood reverts to a red lantern hanging from the ceiling. Abberline turns -

A HEAVY WOODEN DOOR (NIGHT)

is thrown open. A police Sergeant and two constables burst in. The Sergeant is in his early 30's, young for the job - a restless man who seems barely capable of containing his energy. His name is Pete Godley. He knocks aside the protesting Chinese owner of the place -

GODLEY
I don't give a tinker's damn about your drugs, Emperor. This is about murder.

He pushes past braziers, looking for someone. One of the young constables is staring, goggle-eyed, at the naked girls. The other has seen Abberline. He points -

ON THE DIVAN

Abberline watches the three policemen approach. They keep swimming in and out of focus. The Sergeant looks down at him -

GODLEY
Get up!

To Abberline, Godley's words are so slow he can't understand them. He just stares at him. Whack! The Sergeant hits him across the face. Blood trickles from Abberline's lip - he wipes it away. The Sergeant turns to the constables -

GODLEY
Don't just stand there - get him up!

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING (NIGHT)

The opium den is located in a beautiful Mayfair town-house - exclusive, very expensive. The constables haul Abberline down the front steps and open the door of a waiting police carriage. They throw him in.

UNDERWATER (NIGHT)

We're looking up at Abberline - bubbles spiraling up, blood leaking from his lip. Suddenly he jerks his head back - out of a large basin of water. His teeth are chattering - the water's freezing. But it's done it's job, at least he looks alert.

Godley watches as Abberline grabs a towel and dries his hair. We think for a minute they are in a cell but they're not - it's an office. We pan around the room - a coal fire burns in the hearth, the single window looks over the slums of Whitechapel.

On the wall is Abberline's warrant of appointment. He is an Inspector in Her Majesty's Police. He turns to Godley -

ABBERLINE
Next time, don't hit me so hard, will you?

GODLEY
I had to sober you up, Inspector.

ABBERLINE
Yes, but I think there was a touch of punishment to it, Mr Godley.

Godley shrugs - maybe there was. And anger. Although he'd never show it, he really cares about Abberline.

GODLEY
A bang-tail got herself murdered down in Buck's Row.

ABBERLINE
Whores get killed every week in Whitechapel. That's not worth a split lip.

SERGEANT
Not like this. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, so deep it damn near took her head off. There were 42 stab wounds on her chest alone. I've seen other murders but nothing like this - it was a fucking frenzy.

Abberline stares at him for a moment - then he grabs his coat and heads for the door.

IN THE CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

Bang! The sound of a gunshot. Abberline stops and listens. He turns and walks towards it.

IN A FILTHY ALLEY (NIGHT)

at the back of the police station a group of young officers fire a revolver at a makeshift target. It's a beautiful weapon - long-barreled, deadly accurate. The buzz of conversation and jokes dies. Abberline and Godley step out of a doorway. The young officers put their jackets on and pull themselves to attention -

Abberline takes the revolver from a young constable and turns it over in his hand, examining it. Like all English police, he's rarely seen a handgun.

ABBERLINE
Where did you get it?

CONSTABLE
We took it off a seaman last night, sir. He was trying to sell it down Spitalfields Market.

ABBERLINE
An American? They're the only ones who carry guns. You know what they say - the bigger the gun, the smaller the dick. Who'd he think he was - Wyatt Earp?

The young cops laugh. Abberline raises the gun and aims at the target. He fires - and misses by a mile. A bright-eyed, good-looking young constable speaks up -

WITHERS
(joking)
Oh, good shooting, sir.

ABBERLINE
(joking back)
Thank you, Withers. I always thought you a particularly stupid young copper, now I realize I was wrong. It's clear you're going to have a brilliant career.

The other men laugh again - whatever his shortcomings, it's clear they like Abberline. He hands the gun back -

ABBERLINE
Lock it in the evidence cabinet when you're finished.

He and the Sergeant turn and go.

POLLY'S BODY (NIGHT)

lies spread-eagled in the grime of Buck's row - garbage heaped in corners, piles of horse dung. Abberline and the Sergeant push through the police lines and the crowd of shoving and shouting onlookers. A filthy old man with hardly any teeth stands with several policemen. He approaches Abberline -

RAG-AND-BONE MAN
She were like that when I found her, sir - all murdered.

Abberline turns away from him - the man stinks of gin. One of the cops gives Abberline a lantern. He kneels beside the body and pulls back the dirty blanket which covers her. Polly's blouse and jacket are punctured with stab wounds but her skirt and petticoats don't appear to have been touched -

GODLEY
At least the killer didn't fuck her.

ABBERLINE
Probably the only bloke in Whitechapel who hasn't.

GODLEY
We've gone to every pub and house within earshot - us being the police, nobody heard anything of course.

ABBERLINE
For once, they might be telling the truth. He cut her throat, but arterial blood sprays at least six feet. Look - there's nothing on the walls. I think the body was dumped here...
(quietly)
But it's the savagery, that's what I don't understand.

GODLEY
A message? They say the Nichol Street Boys are moving down this end of Whitechapel. The talk on the street is they want a pound a week from each bang-tail.

ABBERLINE
One eye missing and half her chest cut to pieces - and they call that a message? I hate Whitechapel. Have I told you that?

The Sergeant smiles - many times. Flash! A brilliant white light bathes the scene. Abberline turns - a photographer has set up his huge camera and tripod.

ABBERLINE
Who let him in here?! Tell 'em to get rid of him! Constable! Come here - get her down to the morgue.

Godley turns and yells orders, evicting the photographer. Abberline wraps Polly in the blanket, shielding her from one last indignity - the tabloid press. Two constables commandeer a handcart from the rag-and-bone merchant and load her body into it.

Abberline leads Godley down Buck's Row, examining the crime scene. Two old women elbow through to the front of the crowd -

OLD WOMAN
Is this where the Jew butchered the woman? It is! Look - there's blood on the cobbles.

Abberline and Godley exchange a glance - what can you do? He speaks to Godley -

ABBERLINE
He didn't drag her, otherwise her ankles would have been covered in shit... if he was strong he could have carried her, if not it was two men -

He stops, staring down at the ground. He bends and picks something up - a sprig of grapes with just two fruit remaining. We hold on his face as he stares at it. Grapes? That's strange.

WATER TRICKLES (NIGHT)

down stone walls, oil lamps flicker in brackets. We are in the Whitechapel morgue - a vaulted, basement room, one of the grimmest places on earth. A body covered by a filthy sheet lies on a stone slab. Mary Kelly, the Irish prostitute, watches as a young constable reveals the face.

Most of the blood has been washed away but the wounds on the cheeks are livid, the eyes glassy. Mary turns away, fighting back the nausea.

MARY
Polly Nichols - she worked a beat down near Dorset Street.

CONSTABLE
(taking notes)
Relatives... a husband?

MARY
He run off with a midwife... there were children, not with 'er though... God Almighty, poor Polly.

She's close to tears. The constable closes his notebook - he's got what he needs.

A CROWDED CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

Reporters, ambulance-chasers and morgue staff mill about. The constable leads Mary - really shaken, head bowed - towards the front doors. They pass Abberline coming the other way but Mary, head lowered, hurrying, just wanting to get out of there, doesn't look up. Abberline brushes past and goes through a set of doors -

A PAIR OF SHEARS (NIGHT)

cut through blood-stained petticoats. Abberline and a Doctor watch as two old paupers use the shears to expose Polly's naked thighs. Suddenly one of the paupers reels back, gagging.

Abberline steps forward - Polly's petticoats are draped so that we can't see what he does, but from the look on his face it must be terrible.

ABBERLINE
Jesus... what are we dealing with?!

HOUSEBOATS (LATE NIGHT)

and barges ride at their moorings. It's very late - everything is still. Mist rises out of the dark water. We are in Maida Vale, a suburb of London fashioned after Venice. A cab draws up in front of one of the houses next to a canal. It's a rambling place, converted into a lodging house. Abberline gets out and goes up the front steps.

A SUITE OF ROOMS (LATE NIGHT)

The shabby furniture, the sense of loneliness, give it the feeling that somebody is just passing through - passing through for years. The only personal touch are the books - shelves of them. Books on art, books on history, books of poetry...

Abberline stirs some life into a fire and slumps in a chair. Whatever he saw at the morgue has clearly disturbed him - he looks haggard. He stares at the flames -

A FLASH

Short images, almost subliminal: Polly's frightened eyes, a man's strong hand ripping at her bodice, a handful of grapes falling in slow motion...

IN THE ROOM

Abberline, still sitting, bends over a low table. On it is a book - an encyclopedia showing a full page drawing of the human body showing all the organs and muscles.

A FLASH

The slash of a knife cutting flesh, Polly screaming, a hand clamped over her mouth, a close-up of a man's eyes, a spray of blood, tears running down her cheeks...

IN THE ROOM

Close on Abberline's face - sweating, anguished, imagining the terror of it.

A FLASH

Polly's blood-soaked dress, a stain of red arterial blood spreading across the white of her petticoats. We pull back to reveal we are -

IN ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (EARLY MORNING)

The dress and petticoats are pinned to the wall - the first step in what will become a full-fledged incident room. It's early the next morning. Abberline sits at his desk, staring motionless at the dress -

GODLEY (O.S.)
Are you alright, sir?

Abberline comes out of it. He turns to see the Sergeant has entered.

ABBERLINE
I've been up most of the night... they said she was alive through most of it...

GODLEY
It's a job, sir - you start thinking like that and you'll never sleep again.

ABBERLINE
Nightmares? I don't care about nightmares. It's the waking hours in Whitechapel that bother me.

GODLEY
I've called everyone together. They're waiting.

A KETTLE (MORNING)

whistles over an open fire but nobody tends to it. The beat officers and all the station's detectives are assembled in the muster room.

ABBERLINE
I want you to talk to every vet, butcher, furrier - anyone who uses a knife on flesh.

WITHERS
(joking)
Furriers? What did he do - skin her?

ABBERLINE
Shut up, Withers. I want this kept quiet as long as possible - he disemboweled her. After he stabbed her, he undressed her, cut open her stomach, took out her intestines and replaced her underwear. Some of her organs are missing. For all I know he ate them. Now get out there.

A NEWSBOY (MORNING)

pulls a small cart loaded with papers through the police station -

NEWSBOY
Mornin' papers... get 'em now! First with the burst! Whitechapel murder...

Abberline comes out of the muster room. He reaches for money to buy a paper but the kid shoves one under his arm -

NEWSBOY
Free for you, guv'nor - one for the scrapbook.

Abberline opens the copy of the "Illustrated Police News". Most of the front page is taken up by the photo of himself kneeling next to the body. He reads the article as he moves down the corridor -

A CROWD OF PEOPLE (MORNING)

mill around the reception desk at the front of the police station, yelling at the Desk Sergeant. They are all dressed in rags, residents of Whitechapel. Abberline stops. One man's voice cuts through the rest. He's a tinker - a mender of pots and pans.

TINKER
'E's got black 'air and a mustache. About forty year old with a disgusting smile. Always carries a knife. Everybody knows him - lives in Brick Lane.

There's shouts of agreement from the others, yelling out the name "Leather Apron". Godley appears at Abberline's shoulder -

GODLEY
What do they want?

ABBERLINE
There were a couple of slaughtermen hanging about after the body was found. Now the rumor mill's got hold of it - they want us to arrest some bloke called Leather Apron.

They walk through the station: scores of clerks copy warrants by hand, yelling prisoners are hauled to the court, bail bondsmen shout for attention. It's bedlam.

GODLEY
Leather Apron? Sounds like something out of a Penny Dreadful.

ABBERLINE
Probably is. It can't be him, though. Whoever it is, it's a foreigner.

GODLEY
What?!

Abberline hands him the newspaper -

ABBERLINE
The papers say the killing's so ferocious, it couldn't possibly have been done by an Englishman.

GODLEY
Obviously they don't know the Englishmen we do.

They turn into -

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (MORNING)

Godley throws the newspaper down on the desk -

GODLEY
You wonder how these idiots get their jobs, don't you?

ABBERLINE
Ask the Commissioner. He sent a note this morning telling me Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show are appearing in Drury Lane. He wants us to interview the Red Indians.

It stops Godley in his tracks -

GODLEY
The Commissioner? What's he got to do with it?

Abberline hands Godley a note with an impressive gold letterhead -

ABBERLINE
He wants me to call on him.

GODLEY
Well - comin' up in the world, eh Sir?

GAS LIGHTS ON THE WALL (EARLY EVENING)

They light an impressive waiting room: marble floor, large portraits of previous Police Commissioners, male secretaries working silently at desks, messengers waiting for orders. Abberline, in his rumpled suit, sits on a bench - waiting.

A constable appears and speaks to him quietly. They approach a large set of mahogany doors. Abberline tries to smooth his suit. The constable opens the doors.

THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE (EARLY EVENING)

A fire blazes in a large and beautiful office - wood paneling, leather sofas, a silver tea service. Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Police, sits behind a mahogany desk reading a file. He is in his 60's - gray-haired and impeccably tailored - powerful in appearance and manner but, ultimately, weak in character.

Abberline stands in front of him, waiting. Waiting. Finally Sir Charles lays down the file and turns to face him. He leaves Abberline standing.

SIR CHARLES
Good evening, Inspector. I wanted to talk to you about this... what is it?... a *disembowelment*, for God's sake. I read in the file about the butchers and undertakers. You've done the right thing concentrating on trades-people - no educated person could have done it. The man's a maniac.

ABBERLINE
Obviously. But I'm note sure about the tradesmen. Half way down Buck's Row I found a sprig of grapes. I think they were dropped by the killer. You see, sir, you never find grapes in the East End - they cost two shillings a pound at Spitalfields' Market this time of year and there's not a person in Whitechapel, no matter what their trade, who could afford that. I think we're looking for someone with money.

Sir Charles looks at Abberline, impressed.

SIR CHARLES
Grapes... two shillings a pound?
(then he laughs)
Well, I can't imagine any Jew paying that, can you?

Abberline just stares at him.

SIR CHARLES
Sit down... sit down.

He leads Abberline to the sofas.

SIR CHARLES
Pay much attention to politics, Abberline?

ABBERLINE
Not really, sir.

SIR CHARLES
Sensible man. Wish I could say the same. Speaking for myself, the fewer pinch-pricks on the street the better, but the Home Secretary's already called. Details of the murder are bound to come out at the inquest and you've probably seen the reports in the gutter press about the Jews. The last thing anyone needs is trouble in Whitechapel. I want to be kept informed about the investigation - this thing about the grapes, for example. You understand?

ABBERLINE
Of course.

Sir Charles picks up the tea pot, pours two dainty cups and hands one to Abberline.

SIR CHARLES
How long have you been at Whitechapel?

ABBERLINE
Twenty years come December.

SIR CHARLES
Too long by the tone of your voice. There's a vacancy coming up at the other end of town. Superintendent at Mayfair. We work well on this, Inspector, I'd be happy to recommend you for it.

ABBERLINE
(shocked)
Mayfair?

He sees Sir Charles staring at his hand - he's holding the tea-cup in his rugged paw, gripping it like a mug. Almost subconsciously Abberline moves his hand, holding it by the handle.

SIR CHARLES
How can I help? What do you need?

ABBERLINE
Anatomy, Sir Charles. An expert in surgery.

A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA (NIGHT)

stands at the entrance to Guy's Hospital. Even in marble she is a grim woman - hard and uncompromising. It's night and a bitter sleet lashes her face. Lanterns glow on row after row of expensive carriages. Their drivers - many of them in livery - huddle round fires in barrels, trying to keep warm. We crane up from them to a window high above. Through the glass -

A SPARKLING CHANDELIER (NIGHT)

hangs in the ornate entrance foyer to the hospital: marble staircase, stained glass cupola. About a hundred people - the cream of London society, some of the men in black tie, the women in satin and jewels - mill about. Waiters serve aperitifs.

Abberline takes a glass of sherry. He stands alone, under-dressed and way out of his social class. Other people flick looks at him, wondering who he might be.

On the far side of the room Sir Charles talks to a small, distinguished man in a dinner suit. His black hair is oiled, his mustache perfectly trimmed - there's something of the peacock about him. This is Sir Richard Wright, the Home Secretary. He turns and looks across at Abberline -

WRIGHT
Rough around the edges, isn't he?

SIR CHARLES
He's Scottish, Home Secretary - born near Edinburgh, he tells me.

WRIGHT
Well, that explains it. It could be worse, I suppose - he could be bloody Irish. Is he on the square?

SIR CHARLES
No but he's a Protestant and he works hard. A bit of a plodder, actually - over thirty years on the force. Now he's looking forward to a promotion up here to Mayfair.

A tiny glance passes between the two men.

WRIGHT
He'll have to buy a new suit. Still, that's all we really ask of a man, isn't it, Charles? Standards and loyalty. You're confident about him?

SIR CHARLES
Yes I am.

Ding! A bell rings. Uniformed attendants open a pair of large doors. Abberline throws back the glass of sherry. The glittering crowd moves inside -

A LECTURE HALL (NIGHT)

Rows of tiered seats, arranged in a circle, are full - doctors and surgeons at the front, socialites and patrons at the rear. The lights dim - a man steps onto the stage.

DOCTOR TREVES
It is my honor tonight to present a unique medical phenomenon. Until last week, Mr John Merrick was an attraction at a traveling sideshow. Now he is being cared for at England's leading hospital. With your generosity, we will be able to continue to do so. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr John Merrick -

A half-naked man - his torso covered by a hospital gown - steps into the light and drops the robe. His face is terribly deformed - a bulbous forehead, flaps of gray skin and a stump of bone, like a tusk, juts from his upper jaw. It's the Elephant Man

Men and women laugh. Abberline looks around - close ups of the socialites' ugly faces and big teeth. Sir Charles, sitting behind, leans forward, chuckling -

SIR CHARLES
Aren't you glad we came?

We hold on a close-up of Abberline's face - disgusted by them.

A WOOD-PANELED LIBRARY (NIGHT)

Dr Treves' lecture has finished. The wealthiest patrons have gathered in the hospital's beautiful library. Dr Treves watches as aristocrats write out drafts on their banks, contributing to his cause. Abberline is talking to a big, middle-aged woman dressed in layers of cream silk. She looks like a galleon in full sail.

ABBERLINE
You've never been to Whitechapel, m'lady?

LADY ROSSIE
I saw slums when I was in Italy. Why would I want to see them in England? Do you know any of these people?

Abberline shakes his head - no. Lady Rossie guides him around the room. She indicates a beautifully-dressed, dissolute man on the far side.

LADY ROSSIE
That's Lord Norris - perhaps you read about him. He killed a man in Austria over a gambling debt. Not that anyone cares since he inherited his father's estate. He's richer than God.

ABBERLINE
Better dressed too.

Abberline stares at a man in his late 20's - pale skin, refined features - dressed in the best clothes money can buy. A group of people - very deferential - surround him.

ABBERLINE
Who's that?

LADY ROSSIE
That is Prince Eddy, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

ABBERLINE
The heir to the throne?!

LADY ROSSIE
Yes, but we don't have to acknowledge it. Otherwise we'd all be bowing and scraping. He's here informally, so to speak.

ABBERLINE
Does he do that often?

LADY ROSSIE
Apparently so. If the rumors are true he has a taste for a certain type of woman, if you take my meaning.

Abberline gets it alright. He stares at Lady Rossie but she's already moving on. He keeps looking at the Prince - he, too, is pledging money. He signs the draft with a flourish and looks up. For a moment, he and Abberline's eyes meet across the room.

LADY ROSSIE(O.S.)
Sir William allow me to introduce Mr Frederick Abberline. Mr Abberline - Sir William Gull.

Abberline turns. A man in his 50's - handsome, real intelligence in his eyes - smiles a greeting. He shakes hands warmly.

LADY ROSSIE
Sir William is one of the country's leading surgeons. He was my husband's doctor up until the end. Mr Abberline's here with Charles Warren - he's investigating that murder in Whitechapel.

Gull's interest is really sparked -

GULL
An awful business, Inspector. I read about somebody called Leather Apron - but I take it that's just a newspaper invention. The killer is no slash and stab merchant, is he?

ABBERLINE
Why do you say that, Sir William?

GULL
A friend of mine was talking to the Coroner about her injuries. Perhaps you'd have to be a doctor to fully appreciate it, but what the killer did was quite extraordinary.

Lady Rossie waves to a woman she knows -

LADY ROSSIE
I have a feeling this is about to become very gruesome. If you gentlemen will excuse me -

The two men bow to her. Sir Charles Warren steps out of the crowd -

SIR CHARLES
You've already met - excellent. Sir William was the man I was telling you about.
(to Gull)
Mr Abberline needs some expert advice.

GULL
I'd be only too happy. How can I help?

ABBERLINE
You said what the killer did was quite extraordinary. Why?

A CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

deep in the heart of the hospital: low lights, hollow footsteps, nurses dressed like Florence Nightingale. Abberline and Gull move down it -

GULL
How do you find Charlie Warren - competent, is he?

ABBERLINE
I'm sure he must be - Commissioner's are always competent. It goes with the job.

GULL
(laughing)
Very diplomatic. But you know what they say about diplomacy - another word for deceit. I take it from that he's an idiot. That's his reputation.

ABBERLINE
(smiling)
Some people say he works hard to maintain it. I'll give him one thing, though - he knows about politics.

GULL
Politicians talk, other men act - is that it? You don't think much of them?

ABBERLINE
Not much.

GULL
(laughing again)
Nor do I.

They turn a corner. A family is gathered outside a room marked "Emergency". Inside, a man is on an operating table, surrounded by surgeons in business suits and aprons. Anesthetics are in the future - he screams out.

GULL
That's what I don't understand - didn't anyone hear your victim scream?

ABBERLINE
She didn't - she was drugged.

GULL
Drugged?

ABBERLINE
I found a sprig of grapes. It wasn't until I was on my way here, I remembered the smell. Sickly sweet. Laudanum. I think he brushed the grapes with it.

GULL
Laudanum's a narcotic, a derivative of opium. Apart from doctors, not many people would recognize it.

He turns and looks at Abberline. The two men's eyes meet. A beat -

GULL
How long have you chased the dragon?

ABBERLINE
Quite some time.

Gull takes out a pad, writes on it and hands it to Abberline -

GULL
That'll help with the headaches. It's a tonic, too - a lot of drugs leach the minerals out of the body. It'll give you an appetite.

They go through a set of doors.

GAS LAMPS (NIGHT)

cast weird shadows on the wall of a large tiled room. Abberline watches as Gull strips sheets from rows of tables, revealing dead bodies.

GULL
These have already been autopsied. I'm sure they won't mind making a further contribution to science. Help me -

Together they lift the body of a woman in her 30's off the table and place it on the floor. Gull goes to a cabinet and finds a charcoal marker shaped like a knife.

GULL
I want to show you what it must have been like. According to the newspaper, it was the early hours of the morning, hardly any light, maybe people passing by only yards away. He was probably on his knees, one hand holding her down, having to work at a furious pace -

Suddenly we are in Buck's Row. The scenes are remarkably similar - a body on the ground, the dim light, pools of shadow, discovery only a moment away. Back in the room, Gull kneels beside the body and raises the charcoal marker -

GULL
The first incision would have been through the stomach. Blood everywhere, his heart pounding, fingers cramped with the cold...

We push in on Abberline's face -

A KNIFE SLICES THROUGH FLESH

Polly's eyes roll in terror, spittle flies from her mouth - for a moment, we are in the murder. The killer, his face hidden, kneels over her.

What we see now is a combination of Gull's demonstration, the reality of the murder and Abberline's imagining -

GULL (O.S.)
He has to cut through four layers of tissue and up to an inch of subcutaneous fat. Then he enters the abdominal cavity...

Gull uses the marker to draw the next incision. Polly raises her hand to fend off the killer's next blow. She plunges her hand into her mouth, trying to stem the pain -

GULL (O.S.)
Even drugged, she'd be fighting, the muscles going into spasm, her heart trying to pump blood that isn't there...

Polly looks straight at us, trying to mouth a single plea: "Help me." The killer's hands and knife are covered in blood.

GULL (O.S.)
Intestines are easy but organs are hard to remove, especially the uterus and liver.

Close on the killer's eyes - sparkling, feverish. All color is gone from Polly's face - she slides into unconsciousness and imminent death. Abberline is distraught.

GULL
Then the coup de grâce - the throat cut. from left to right. That means he had to be right-handed. Thus -

The charcoal marker swipes across her throat. Abberline looks away. Gull rises to his feet and looks at him - the inspector's face is gaunt, sweat runs down his temples, he looks like he's going to throw up.

GULL
So, how's the appetite coming?

Abberline can't speak.

GULL
It was all done in a matter of minutes, in extreme circumstances, completely undetected. The only thing I can equate it to is the work of one of those great battlefield surgeons - men like Wilberforce or Chanticlair. Like I said - extraordinary.

Abberline looks at the body - black marks all over it indicating incisions and organs.

ABBERLINE
What are you telling me - it was a doctor?

GULL
(hard)
Doctors save lives, they don't take them.

Abberline turns away, exhausted, grasping for something that's out of reach.

ABBERLINE
A wealthy man... bold... physically strong if he worked alone. But why Polly?

He stares into the middle distance, turning it over in his mind.

GULL
How many murders have you investigated, Inspector?

ABBERLINE
Seventy-two.

GULL
And how many have you solved?

ABBERLINE
All of them.

A LARGE KNIFE (EARLY MORNING)

rips through canvas. Skylights in the ceiling illuminate a spectacular artist's studio: beautiful furniture, an easel in the middle, paintings on the walls.

An artist in his early 30's - strong, sophisticated, cold - is getting ready for work. He finishes cutting the canvas and fits it to a frame. He works very fast, precisely. His name is Walter Sickert and he's a painter - in time, a famous one.

We tilt up and pan across the canvasses on the wall: scenes of Whitechapel - hookers on the streets, women in shadows, children in the gutters. Close-ups of mouths and breasts and thighs. We stop on the last one -

A naked woman lies on a bed - erotic, disturbing. Perhaps because it's not finished, the woman looks like she's been dismembered. It's Polly Nichols.

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (MORNING)

Abberline takes a soiled black tie out of a closet and stands in front of a mirror to tie it. We rack focus - in the reflection we see that Godley has entered.

GODLEY
What happened with the Commissioner?

ABBERLINE
We had a chat, he served me tea, fine Dresden china if I recall, and then we went and saw the Elephant Man with the Prince of Wales - you know, the usual.

GODLEY
Seriously.

ABBERLINE
That's exactly what happened. Oh, and he offered me a promotion - Superintendent at Mayfair.

Godley looks at him - he realizes it's the truth. A broad smile lights up his face -

GODLEY
That's wonderful! Bloody well done - congratulations, sir.

Abberline doesn't seem to share his enthusiasm.

ABBERLINE
On the way I went to see the Red Indians. Buffalo Bill Cody has left and a gentleman called Mexican Joe is in charge. Mr Joe Mr Joe told me the whole Wild West is just an illusion -

GODLEY
I'm sorry, sir... I don't see what this has got to do with Mayfair.

ABBERLINE
Quite a lot. Mr Joe said it's all bullshit. He's selling and everybody's buying. "Don't ever underestimate the power of bullshit," he told me. A good copper might remember that, Mr Godley. Ready?

He's turned around. Godley looks at him.

GODLEY
You've got gravy on your tie.

Abberline looks down - he has, too. But always a lateral thinker, he buttons up his jacket, hiding it.

ABBERLINE
Perfect.

THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL (DAY)

are lined with crowds, waiting. Uniformed police hold them back. The place looks even worse by day - piles of horse manure steam in the cold morning air, the flop houses have emptied and the sidewalks are crowded with drunks, beggars and women trolling for trade. An organ grinder and his monkey belt out a tune. A sidewalk preacher stands on a ladder, waving his Bible -

PREACHER
"I looked, and behold a pale horse! His name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given to him over the earth, to kill with sword and with famine..."

Nobody is listening. Men stand on the corners selling copies of a dozen scandal sheets: *The Star, The Globe, Truth*... All of them feature sensational stories about the Whitechapel murder. One of the headlines reads:

Ripped, Gutted and Beheaded

THE STEPS OF CHRISTCHURCH (DAY)

The bell on top of the steeple tolls every minute - a funeral dirge. A group of urchins chase each other through the mass of people gathered on the steps. It's an old game with a new twist - a stockily-built boy has a piece of rag tied around his waist and a pointed stick like a knife. He yells -

BOY
Aaargh! I'm Lever Apron! Where's Polly? Where's Polly?!

Other kids, girls, run screaming, clutching their throats. Suddenly the crowd surges forward, trying to get a glimpse -

IN THE STREET (DAY)

A black hearse comes slowly round a corner, pulled by a single horse. A coffin lies in the back, covered by a tarpaulin. The Undertaker walks beside it - a thin man in his late 40's, dressed in a frayed black frock coat and dirty gray gloves. His watery eyes seem almost too large for his face - they stare straight ahead.

Silence falls as the hearse passes, the only sound the tolling of the bell. People strain forward to see. A few women - hookers, mostly - throw bouquets on the street. The wheels of the hearse crush them.

A GRAVEYARD (DAY)

The hearse stands next to an open grave. A huge crowd has gathered, pushing forward against a fence. A cheap wooden coffin rests on a mound of earth - a cold wind picks up the dirt and blows it over a group of mourners. A minister leads them through the burial service. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

Abberline and the Sergeant stand on a small hillock, staring at the onlookers.

ABBERLINE
Can you believe it? Nobody gave a rat's ass about Polly when she was alive. Now she's dead, they can't get enough of her.

GODLEY
That's "The Star" for you - trumping everything up. Yesterday they had "Leather Apron" only coming out at night, just like The Hunchback of Notre Dame. Today, he works in a butcher's shop. Buy a pound of sausages and he'll throw in a disembowelment. It's put the fear of God up everyone!

ABBERLINE
But it's not just the yellow press. It's much deeper - it's sex and blood and death, primal things. Look at these people! They're scared but part of them wants the horror. Romans at the bloody circus. Get some men - keep those bloody kids away!

The urchins playing "Lever Apron" are in the graveyard. Godley sends a pair of constables to drive them off. Abberline looks at the mourners. He points at a group of four women - all in their 20's or early 30's - trying not to cry.

ABBERLINE
Polly's co-workers?

GODLEY
Yeah. They all drink at the Ringers. The one with the bandaged cheek is Annie Chapman - Dark Annie - people say she got cut by the Old Nichols Street gang last week. We know Emma Smith and Martha Tabram who died in April and August were probably Old Nichols' jobs, too. Why not Polly?

ABBERLINE
Smith was raped and tortured. That's cruelty. I can understand cruelty. Tabram was killed by repeated stabbing. That's rage. I understand that, too. This one's methodical. Someone near enough did surgery on Polly. I *don't* understand that at all.

Abberline stares at the woman at the end - in her early 20's, beautiful, auburn hair.

ABBERLINE
Who's next to Dark Annie - the sassy one?

SERGEANT
She identified the body. Mary Kelly.

ABBERLINE
And you've spoken to her?

SERGEANT
Fat lot of good it did. They don't trust anyone. Kelly told me half the coppers in Whitechapel are on the take.

ABBERLINE
So she's not stupid, then?

As the grave-diggers lower the coffin into the ground, one of the ropes breaks! The coffin hits the bottom and splinters open, exposing Polly's face frozen in a scream.

The four friends turn away, distraught. The grave-diggers hurriedly start shoveling. Earth fills Polly's mouth and eyes.

THE MOON (NIGHT)

glows through clouds of purple and green. Smoke belches from chimneys up into the night. The slums of Whitechapel seem to stretch forever. A trail of lanterns, like fireflies, weaves through a dark, narrow street -

IN THE STREET (NIGHT)

The lanterns are carried by a score of men and a few women - shopkeepers mostly. Some of them carry lengths of lumber and iron bars. The leader wears a vest with a roughly-written legend on it. This is the fledgling -

Whitechapel Vigilance Committee

Several Jewish shopkeepers - late-night groceries and liquor stores - see them coming. Hurriedly they put their shutters up - they're not sure vigilance isn't another word for anti-Semitism.

IN A GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY (NIGHT)

a woman crouches in a doorway. She has her face against a man's fly. We don't see anything but it's clear what she's doing. Suddenly the light of a bullseye lantern hits her. She squints at the light - several of the committee stare at her.

WOMAN
Piss off! Can't you see I'm working!

Her customer looks like a rabbit caught in the spotlight. The committee moves on. We crane up from the doorway, over walls and hovels, into an even darker -

LANEWAY (NIGHT)

Prostitutes line the walls. Men walk by, eyeing them up and down. An unshaven bear of a man stops in front of Annie Chapman. She's in her 30's with raven hair and eyes like jet. No wonder they call her Dark Annie. Like the other women, she is tired and hungry - trying to make a living the only way she can.

The man's eyes barely move from her half-open blouse. Under his jacket he wears a canvas smock - he's a stone-cutter.

STONE-CUTTER
I'm interested in takin' the old man for a ride up Hairy-ford-shire. I was wonderin' what the fare might be?

DARK ANNIE
Eight pence. Six pence for me and tuppence for a room.

STONE-CUTTER
Eight pence?! I said Hairy-ford-shire, not fuckin' France. Anything for less?

DARK ANNIE
A three-penny upright is the cheapest.

STONE-CUTTER
What's an upright?

DARK ANNIE
There's a place at the back - get your todger out, we do it up against the wall.

STONE-CUTTER
Threepence, eh? That's more like it. Ding! Ding! All aboard.

Annie turns and leads him off. Metal tools in the pocket of his smock jangle as he walks. They step into the shadows of -

A SADDLE MAKER'S YARD (NIGHT)

They almost bump into Mary Kelly but the women have no time to talk. Mary is being propositioned by a thin man in a black frock coat. It's the Undertaker. He holds out his gloved hand - in it is a sixpence.

Mary looks at his face - a crooked smile and stained teeth but that's not what worries her. His eyes are bright and unblinking, just staring at her.

She needs the money, no doubt - but then she looks again at his face. It's the way he looks at her - like it's obsessive. She shakes her head and walks away.

UNDERTAKER
You want more? I'll pay more... what's wrong?! My money not good enough? Hey! Hey...

Mary turns a corner, out of sight.

A COVERED PASSAGE (NIGHT)

A mangy dog picks through garbage. It's ears prick up - Mary comes down a covered passage and into an alley. She's alone, the place is like a maze, her footsteps echoing on the cobbles. She starts to sing -

MARY
"Green grow the rushes-o!
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so..."

THE FIGURE OF A MAN (NIGHT)

steps out of the shadows behind her. Silently, he watches. He carries a rolled-up apron in his hand. Out of the middle of it, he slides a 10" knife.

Mary sloshes through puddles. Her voice sounds small in the silence. The man follows - it's too dark to see his face. Mary comes into Blackfriar's Court, a walled courtyard. The only exit is blocked by a pile of rubble - they're doing road-work.

She curses herself for not remembering. She turns - straight into the man! He slashes with the knife! It cuts across her throat - her bonnet flutters to the ground.

Mary keeps staring at him. Oh, he's good with the blade - he's cut the bonnet clean off her chin and not even scratched the skin. He pulls her face close to his. He's a young man - cruel eyes and a smile as thin as paint.

GEORDIE
Mary, isn't it? Mary Kelly?

MARY
If...if.. it's money... I'm... I've only got a shilling. If it's t'other... what... whaddya want?

GEORDIE
Time enough for pleasure later. It's business first.

He jerks her head back, laying open her throat and the top of her breasts. She's terrified. A sound behind her. She rolls her eyes back - a man emerges from the gloom. He's in his 30's, a dandy in a flashy way. His name is McQueen.

McQUEEN
Hello, Mary. Remember me? Tom McQueen from Old Nichol Street.

MARY
How could I forget?

McQUEEN
Funny, I thought you must have. The first payment was due four days ago. I told you, didn't I? Keeping an eye on the streets, making sure everyone stays on track, that isn't easy. A fine service like this doesn't run on credit, does it?

Mary, hand trembling, pulls up her skirt. From a makeshift purse sewn into her underwear she takes out a note and several coins.

MARY
There's eighteen shillings - that's from the four of us.

McQUEEN
Eighteen shillings! You weren't listening, were you? It's a pound a week each.

He nods to Geordie - the knife goes to her breasts. Mary writhes out of the way.

MARY
I wrote a letter to a chap I know, an artist, trying to get money. I know he'll pay but I haven't heard -

McQUEEN
When do you expect to, this chap of yours?

MARY
Another few days, maybe less.

McQueen has a killer stare. He half sneers at her. He enjoys the fear he instills -

McQUEEN
You're a handsome woman, you know that, Mary Kelly?

She ignores it. She tries to contain herself but can't -

MARY
Was it you that did for Polly?
(she looks at Geordie and the knife)
The two of you maybe?

McQUEEN
Well, she hadn't paid, had she? Maybe it was. You other girls ought to learn a lesson.

Mary doesn't know whether to believe him or not. He's certainly cruel enough.

McQUEEN
I'll tell you what I'm going to do about the money. I'm going to give you the extra day or two - but you're going to have to pay a little extra. Interest, so to speak. Take your clothes off. All of 'em.

MARY
Here - in the yard?

McQUEEN
Yeah. I'm no drunken tar-boy - I know your whore's tricks. You lift your skirt and hold the old fella between your thighs and make out it's twat. I wanna see it go in.

Mary stares at him - even by the standards of Whitechapel, he's disgusting. She doesn't move.

MARY
This is how I earn my livin' - that's 'cos this shit-hole of a country can't give a woman decent work! But you've got no right - you want it, Tom-bloody-McQueen you pay for it!

Geordie slices the knife down, slashing buttons from her blouse. She struggles but Geordie holds her tight. McQueen steps forward and starts to rip at her dress. Suddenly his smile fades -

Lights are bobbing down the alley: the Vigilance Committee. Mary breaks free, gathers her torn clothes about her, and goes. McQueen calls after her -

McQUEEN
You tell your friends in The Ringers -
either we get a bigger cut, or they do.

He laughs. The sound carries over, mixing with -

DORSET STREET (NIGHT)

Drunken revelry, horses whinnying, women yelling. This is Whitechapel's main thoroughfare - jammed with hansom cabs and horse-drawn carts.

Every second building is a pub or gin palace. The white stone of Christchurch reaches up into the night, above it all. Under every street lamp are prostitutes - old and young, pretty and haggard, ashamed and brazen.

The sidewalks are crowded with men, shopping for sex. Not all of them are poor - there's a good number of up-town men in doe-skin shoes and well-cut coats, slumming it on Friday night.

We push in on one of them - a tall man in a cashmere cape. A deerstalker hat is pulled low. We don't see his face. He passes in front of the women, staring at their faces - as if he's looking for someone. A young hooker, very bold, takes his arm -

HOOKER
I can tell you've got an itch that needs
scratching. I could suck a rat out of a
drain-pipe.

The man tries to unhook her fingers from his arm. His hand is shaking -

HOOKER
A sporting gentleman like you shouldn't
be stremblin'. Are you alright?

She looks up at his face - it only serves to embarrass him more. He pushes her aside and moves fast into the street. Only now do we realize he's being accompanied by a black coach. It stops and he pulls open the door. As he gets in, we see his face. It's Prince Eddy, heir to the throne.

PACKER'S RENTS (NIGHT)

are a group of flop houses just off Dorset Street. The landlord - an unshaven pig of a man - stands outside collecting money for an overnight stay. We push past him, through the open door, into a large and barren room.

It is filled with long wooden benches. Crammed onto them are mothers with kids, hollow-eyed men and down-trodden youths. Ropes are pulled taut across their chests - they've paid to sleep sitting upright. We track past their haggard faces, desperate eyes. A window at the back looks out on a courtyard. In the middle -

A HORSE TROUGH (NIGHT)

Half naked men and women are gathered around it, washing themselves. A couple of fires roar in barrels. By their light we see Mary Kelly - she's still really shaken from her encounter with McQueen. She scrubs her body with a scrap of soap and a rag. Doing the same are Dark Annie, Liz Stride and Kate Eddowes.

MARY
He can scent himself with lavender all he likes, he's still a piece of shit. Bugger him! My favorite flower, too.

DARK ANNIE
How much longer did he give us?

MARY
Another day or two.

The women react - a pound each in a couple of days? That's almost impossible.

DARK ANNIE
No word from our friend Sickert, the artist?

MARY
No.

Liz Stride - known as Long Liz because of her height - grew up in Sweden and speaks with an accent.

LONG LIZ
You should never have asked so much. Two hundred pounds!

MARY
Dammit, Liz! We talked about it. What's the use of twenty or thirty quid? If we're going to do it, we might as well get the hell out of Whitechapel.

KATE
Did you ask him about Polly?

DARK ANNIE
'Course it were him! I used to work up that end of Whitechapel. There was a girl called Emma Smith who wouldn't pay - he didn't cut her cheek, he... he cut her down there. He said he'd make sure she never used it again. It took a day but she bled to death.

The other women look horrified. Long Liz is so frightened, she's almost in tears -

LONG LIZ
Get the money! I just want the money. Sweet Jesus, I don't ever want to hear about fuckin' Tom McQueen again!

DARK ANNIE
Sickert's had long enough, I reckon.

MARY
I'll send him a note in the mornin' - this one a bit harder.

DARK ANNIE
No. You go round there, darlin'. You go see him. Understand?

Mary, scared like the rest of them, nods her head - yes.

THE SPIRE OF CHRISTCHURCH (DAY)

rises up into the early afternoon light. A high wind drives tendrils of cloud past it. It gives a strange effect - as if the spire is continually falling. We crane down to the front steps. Abberline walks up and enters the doors -

INSIDE THE CHURCH

It's dark, a place almost of perpetual night, lit by rows of candles. Shadows play over the body of Christ - painted blood looks like it drips from His hands and ribs. Old people - a few praying, most sheltering from the cold - are scattered among the pews. Drunks are stretched out nearby. A deranged woman kneels at the altar, endlessly reciting the names of dead Kings.

Abberline moves deeper into the gloom, looking for someone. A voice from the shadows -

LEES (O.S.)
Inspector Abberline?

Abberline turns - a man stands beneath a statue of some long-dead saint. A shaft of light through a stained-glass window succeeds in lighting only his face. That - and the fact his head is completely shaved, his eyes the palest blue - make him one of the strangest men Abberline's ever seen. This is Robert Lees.

ABBERLINE
Mr Lees?

He steps out of the shadow - a powerful man in his 50's, dressed in a shapeless overcoat, nervously twisting his hat in his fingers. It's not that cold, but clouds of breath come out of his mouth.

ABBERLINE
I got your note - you said you know about the Whitechapel killer.

LEES
I thought it was best if we met here - away from the police station and the reporters milling about. You came alone?

ABBERLINE
Yes.

LEES
Do you know this place, Inspector - this church of Nicholas Hawkesmoor? Built on the mass grave where thousands of victims of the plague were buried...
(we hold on Lees' eyes)
The works of men soak up despair and terror. It reverberates in the stone and mortar forever more. Evil clings to a place...

A FLASH

Polly's face in a scream of silent pain... the reflection of Jack's face - distorted - in the gleaming blade of a knife...

ABBERLINE

looks at Lees - he's sweating, his eyes averted as if from some horror.

LEES
How fitting such a murder should be done within its shadow. Think not to be immune to history, Inspector. It's black root succors you. It's inside all of us. Are you asleep to it that you cannot feel its breath now?

FLASH

Polly lies moaning in the back of the carriage - almost naked, her breasts and thighs covered by shadows. Jack makes a strange sign with his hand above her body - almost like a Cross.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
The murder - what do you know?

LEES

turns and looks at Abberline, trying to hold him with his eyes -

LEES
I've had moments, Inspector... a cylinder of viscous light - he hovers on the edge of being, suspended at the rim of substance. I can't see his face because I *am* him. I was trolling the sewer of Whitechapel -

FLASH

It's night. From inside the death coach, traveling down Dorset Street, Jack's POV - the hookers on the street...

LEES (O.S.)
I felt the blood pound, the bile rise, when I saw her...

Polly, wearing a new black bonnet, turns and gives the coach a crooked smile. It gives her a cock-eyed, impish look...

LEES (O.S.)
Then the touch of steel in my hand -

FLASH

Jack's manicured fingers run the length of the 10" blade.

LEES (O.S.)
The sound of fabric tearing and after that...

FLASH

The knife cutting through white petticoats. They start to stain with blood -

LEES (O.S.)
Coolness. Freezing water. I feel my hands in the filthy waters of the Thames.

FLASH

Jack kneels on the edge of the river, the death coach parked behind him, washing the blood from the knife and his hands. The lights of the city - a reflection - dance in the water -

IN THE CHURCH

Abberline stares at him.

ABBERLINE
Who are you?

Lees stares straight through him, almost in a trance.

ABBERLINE
Who are you?!

He grabs Lees and hauls him close - any second and he's going to hit him. Lees comes out of it, his eyes focus -

LEES
Travel with me, Inspector. "I will show you something different from either. Your shadow walking behind you in the morning. I will show you fear in a handful of dust."

ABBERLINE
What's that - poetry?

LEES

Yes.

ABBERLINE

Who by?

LEES

How would I know? It hasn't been written yet. I'm a psychic, Inspector -

Abberline stares at him. Slowly he lets him go -

ABBERLINE

You're very good, Mr Lees. I've only seen one better - that was on stage. What was the plan? Meet me, then call the tabloids? "Coppers consult psychic". How much did you expect to get for your story? Fifty quid? A hundred?! Don't you *ever* waste my time again!

He turns and walks towards the doors -

LEES

Listen...

(Abberline keeps walking)

Listen to me! He believes a grand work has many layers of significance. He's not mad, Inspector. I've been there, I *know*. It's not slaughter... he's careful, precise - it's *ritual*, Inspector.

Abberline goes through the doors.

A SHOWER OF SPARKS (TWILIGHT)

fly from a flint wheel. A gypsy sits on the back of his cart in the heart of Whitechapel, sharpening knives on the pedal-driven wheel. Night is falling - the same day. Abberline pauses to watch.

A butcher takes his knives, wraps them in his apron and heads into the crowd. Other customers move forward - a couple of sailors with Bowie knives, a fishmonger with his tools, a teenager with an old bayonet... it could be anyone.

Abberline turns and goes -

ANOTHER SHOWER OF SPARKS (NIGHT)

It's a from a log being thrown on a fire. We pull back to reveal we are inside The Ringers, a run-down pub on the corner of Dorset and Crispin Streets. It's real name as it still is today - is The Britannia. The nickname comes from the proprietors - Walter Ringer and his wife.

The place is packed - whores, hard-eyed men, drunks. Sawdust and broken glass crunch underfoot. The air is thick with fire smoke.

Mary sits at a table, dipping hunks of bread into a bowl of stew, getting ready for another night's work. She eats like a wolf. A shadow falls across her. She looks up

ABBERLINE
If you're happier on your own I understand, but I was wondering if you'd like a drink?

Mary looks at him - he's handsome, no doubt of that.

MARY
You must be new around here.

ABBERLINE
Why's that?

MARY
You're polite for a start.

She smiles. Abberline signals to the barman and sits down.

ABBERLINE
Not new. I work up the other end of Whitechapel. I'm a saddle-maker.

MARY
I knew a chap that was a saddle-maker up there - in Folgate Street.

ABBERLINE
That's Eric Howell. No, I'm down in Brady Street, near Buck's Row.
(he watches her react)
That's right - where that woman got murdered. The place is full of gawkers - can't even get in a pub.

MARY
I knew her.

Abberline feigns surprise. The barman arrives with the gin. Mary takes a shot.

ABBERLINE
The papers said it might have been a protection racket but I don't believe it. I mean, killing someone isn't going to make her pay, is it?

MARY
It would others, though. They cut another friend of mine last week. You know what it's like in the East End - women are just trade.

ABBERLINE
See her that night, did you?

MARY
Earlier. Emily Holland was the last one. She spoke to Polly just up the road at one in the mornin'. She remembers hearin' Big Ben striking.

ABBERLINE
They found her body in Buck's Row almost twenty minutes later - that's what one of the papers said.

MARY
They did? I don't understand that. How'd she get from Dorset Street to Buck's Row in less than twenty minutes?

ABBERLINE
Easy - she just goes through Blackfriar's Court.

MARY
She couldn't. I was up there last night. I cursed myself for not remembering - they're digging up the road. A mountain goat couldn't get through.

ABBERLINE
So she'd cut across Crispin Street and through Dutfield's Yard. It's a ten minute walk.

MARY
You'd never make a detective, Mr Saddlemaker - Dutfield's yard is where Dark Annie, that friend of mine, got cut. That was bad luck. Polly was real superstitious, she'd never have gone near Dutfield's Yard.

Abberline looks at her - excited, thinking. Mary tucks back into her stew.

MARY
Anyway, just shows you - you can't believe anything you read in the rags.

ABBERLINE
I guess not. Fred.

MARY
What?

ABBERLINE
My name. It's not Mr Saddlemaker, it's Fred.

Mary smiles - it makes her look even more beautiful. She puts out her hand -

MARY
Mary Kelly.

ABBERLINE
Can I get you another drink, Mary?

MARY
Thanks - but I've got to earn my keep.

Their eyes meet. They look at one another.

MARY
You know, if you've a mind to, we could get a room.

Abberline looks at her - he's tempted, but he shakes his head.

ABBERLINE
No. I mean thanks, but I won't - not tonight.

MARY
(smiling)
First I lose my virtue, now it's my looks. Things are going from bad to worse.

ABBERLINE
It's a shame, but never mind - you've got a nice personality.

MARY
Fuck you, too.

Her eyes are twinkling at him. He laughs.

ABBERLINE
I'd like to see you again, Mary - you know, just to sit down and have chat, maybe get a bite to eat.

She looks at him - serious.

MARY
Don't say it if you don't mean it, Fred.

ABBERLINE
I mean it.

MARY
I'll make sure I'm in here this week between twelve and one. Good night.

ABBERLINE
G'night, Mary.

Smiling, she gets up and goes towards the door. The grin vanishes from Abberline's face - he really likes her, he's lied to her and now she's going to get hurt. Things seemed a lot clearer a few hours ago.

STEAM RISES (MORNING)

into the crisp morning air. Clouds of it blow across from the trains waiting at Liverpool Station and curl around Bishopsgate Police Station.

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (MORNING)

Polly's dress and petticoats hang on the wall. Beneath it are cards detailing everything about her murder. Abberline sits at his desk, working. He looks up - Gull enters. Abberline rises to meet him -

ABBERLINE
Thank you for coming at such short notice. I need your help. What can do you know about a doctor called Liston?

GULL
The only Liston I know of was a surgeon during the Crimean War.

ABBERLINE
That's him. You made me think of it when you mentioned those battlefield surgeons. I spent the night reading about them. What's a Liston knife?

GULL
Because there was no anesthetic on the battlefield, Liston had to carry out amputations as quickly as possible. He designed a knife so that he could have a leg "on the sawdust" in under a minute. It's about ten inches long, double-edged, serrated, with two narrow ridges to fold back the flesh and drain away the blood. It's a beautiful instrument, surgically speaking.

ABBERLINE
You've seen the Coroner's report in The Lancet. Would a Liston knife be consistent with the deep wound injuries on Polly?

Gull bites his lip, thinking. He pulls a file across the desk - it's the Coroner's notes on the body. Abberline sits in silence.

GULL
Yes... the deep wound injuries - yes. Certainly into the stomach and through the vertebrae at the back of the neck.

ABBERLINE
But for all the injuries, you'd need a number of instruments, wouldn't you? I realized that at your demonstration. Would this do it?

From under his desk he produces a black leather case. He opens it - fitted inside are a range of instruments: a Liston knife, other knives, straight bistouries, a silver file, a knife with a hooked end - a crooked bistoury. Awful looking things.

GULL
Yes, you could do it with this.

ABBERLINE
It's a portable amputation kit.

GULL
I know. Where did you find it?

ABBERLINE
A medical supply shop. I went in to get a Liston knife and he showed me this. Some doctors have them of course and ambulance-men. Apparently vets often use them and so do farriers. Apart from that, the army must have thousands of them. But it's a start, William... it's a start. I know how he killed her.

GULL
(smiling)
You're a fast study, Fred, that's for certain. Any other developments?

ABBERLINE
Just one - he doesn't work alone.

Gull, looking at the dress and petticoats on the wall - turns.

GULL
What?

A NARROW ALLEY (DAY)

Abberline leads Gull off a main thoroughfare and down into the labyrinth of hovels, passage-ways and gloomy alleys that form Whitechapel. It's a twilight world.

Children play in the garbage, haunted faces stare out of doorways, washing is strung from tenement to tenement. The smell of effluent is almost overwhelming.

ABBERLINE
Have you read Dante? *The Inferno.*
"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

CRISPIN STREET (DAY)

Abberline and Gull walk quickly - deeper into the slums. A carriage has overturned and a horse lies on its side, snorting blood... a boy with no legs is dragged down the street on a trolley... police haul the bloated corpse of a woman from a canal.

The images are almost identical to those in Abberline's opium dream - in Whitechapel, the nightmare is the reality. Old whores are already on the street - men look them up and down. Gull stares with disgust -

GULL
Round up the men, Fred - take them down the hospital. We can show 'em what syphilis does to a man.

ABBERLINE
Men think with their heads. I don't mean their brains. Especially the young ones - they think they're immortal.

GULL
Pity them. I could point to some of the highest in the land who probably thought the same.

Abberline turns and looks -

ABBERLINE
Go on. Are you going to tell me who?

Gull shakes his head - he can't say. He keeps looking around - painted faces leer at him. A woman tries to take his arm. He pushes her hand away.

ABBERLINE
There's no treatment?

GULL
In the early stages some people suffer a motor neuron disorder - trembling hands, mainly. Sometimes that's treated with laudanum but it's just palliative. The truth is - once the first sore appears, dementia and death are inevitable.

They turn off Crispin Street and weave through the barrows in a narrow side road.

BOUQUETS (DAY)

of poor flowers lean against a wall. We are in Buck's Row - the flowers have been left in memory of Polly. We rack focus - Abberline and Gull approach. The alley is deserted, eerie, as if Lees was right - evil does stick to a place. The men stop at the flowers. Abberline checks his watch.

ABBERLINE
Polly was last seen in Dorset Street at 1am.

FLASH

Polly walks down the crowded sidewalk of Dorset Street. She stops and talks to another young prostitute - Emily Holland. From far away, Big Ben strikes the hour.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
Seventeen minutes later she was found dead here -

FLASH

An old woman comes into the darkness of Buck's Row and starts to go through the garbage. She sees Polly's crumpled body lying next to the wall. She screams -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
We just followed the exact route she would have taken. It took us twenty-four minutes. There was no way she could have walked here in time. She must have come by carriage.

FLASH

The death coach stops in Buck's Row. The door opens, Polly's body tumbles out.

IN BUCK'S ROW (DAY)

Abberline rubs his hands over his eyes, trying to think of anything he's missed -

GULL
But that doesn't mean he couldn't work alone. One man can drive a carriage.

ABBERLINE
He would have had to pick her up, stop somewhere, mutilate and kill her, then drive here - there's still not enough time. No, one man had to be driving and the other used the knife. He must have worked on her in the back of the carriage. That's why nobody saw or heard anything.

Gull's eyes hold on Abberline - impressed.

WHITECHAPEL ROAD (AFTERNOON)

A line of carriages are parked on the side of the road - poorly-dressed men and boys are washing them. Police move among the group. Godley talks to a washer-boy -

GODLEY
Have you seen blood in any of the carriages?

The boy shakes his head - no. The cops move on. We rack focus - Mary Kelly hurries along the crowded sidewalk. She hails a horse-drawn bus.

A LIGHT-FILLED CORRIDOR (AFTERNOON)

Mary walks towards the front door of an apartment. She is about to knock when she realizes - the door is open. She pushes it and steps inside -

AN ENTRANCE HALL (AFTERNOON)

There's no sign of anybody -

MARY
Mr Sickert... Mr Sickert!

No answer. She crosses the room to a door on the far side -

MARY
It's Mary Kelly! I've got to talk to you about the letter, Mr Sickert. I need that money -

She steps into -

SICKERT'S STUDIO (AFTERNOON)

Light spills through the beautiful skylight. It falls on paintings and furniture covered in dust sheets. Mary stares at it. She moves forward, barely able to believe it. A hand grabs her shoulder! Mary spins - it's a woman, the Housekeeper -

MARY
(catching her breath)
I'm sorry... I need to see Mr Sickert.

HOUSEKEEPER
He left for the country yesterday.

MARY
The country? Where in the country?!

HOUSEKEEPER
I don't know. It was all rather unexpected.

The color drains from Mary's face - no Sickert, no money.

HOUSEKEEPER
Are you alright, girl?

MARY
Yes... yes, thank you.

As she turns and walks out the room we hold on a desk in the corner, not yet covered by a dust-sheet. Lying on it are clippings from dozens of newspapers. Every one of them is about Polly's death.

GHOST-LIKE IMAGES (NIGHT)

play across the clouds. Night has fallen on London - the lights from street-lights and river barges are reflected in the fog rolling across the city. It deadens the sound of everything, as if the whole place is holding its breath.

A MAN ENTERING A WOMAN (NIGHT)

It's an erotic lithograph - one of a book of similar images, the 19th century version of pornography. We pull back to reveal a man in his early 30's - mean and cunning - he's the sort of person who is cruel to those beneath him and fawning to those he considers his betters. His name is John Netley.

He lies on his bed in a rough and dirty room above a block of stables, drinking hard from a bottle of liquor. Church bells chime the hour - 11pm. Netley lays the book and bottle down.

AN EXPENSIVE DRESSING ROOM (NIGHT)

A candle flickers in a crystal dish. Shadows play across a strange painting - Hogarth's "The Reward of Cruelty". It shows a group of people standing around an operating table while three men use knives to disembowel a still-conscious victim.

A cylinder turns in a phonogram - an old-fashioned record player. The scratchy sounds of opera fill the room. A man's naked torso is reflected in the mirror but his face is hidden from us. Despite the hour he has just finished shaving.

He opens a jar marked "Lavender." He takes out a handful of petals and crushes them in his fingers, releasing the perfume. He rubs it over his skin, scenting himself.

He pulls a corset over his stomach and tightens it. It lends shape and strength to his torso. He puts on his shirt and trousers. Still we don't see his face, though he is a man whose work we've already seen. This is Jack. Jack The Ripper.

A HORSE'S EYE (NIGHT)

stares straight at us. Netley fits a set of blinders to its head. The horse is one of a pair harnessed to a carriage standing in a stable-yard. It's the death coach.

Netley wraps rags around the horses' hooves, muffling their sound. He swings himself onto the driver's seat and cracks the whip. Silently, like death itself, the carriage swings out through the gates.

A SERRATED KNIFE (NIGHT)

cuts through red meat - a rib roast. Jack - his back to us - dines alone in his house. A glass of red wine stands on the table. As he raises it to his lips we see his face reflected - distorted, unidentifiable.

IN A FILTHY ALLEY (NIGHT)

Annie Chapman is leaning forward, her hands gripping a railing, her skirt bunched up around her waist. A man is taking her from behind -

A NEEDLE SPURTS (NIGHT)

a clear liquid. We pull back to reveal Jack's hands holding a syringe. He slides the end into a grape and slowly injects the drug.

A MARBLE-FLOORED HALLWAY (NIGHT)

is in darkness. Jack drapes a cashmere cape around his shoulders and picks up the small black case. He looks like a man going to work - and in a way, he is. He opens the front door - the death coach stands in the street, a shadow in the fog.

ON THE ROAD (NIGHT)

Netley cracks the whip. We are tracking with them - through the dark, deserted streets. Inside the coach, we don't see Jack's face - just the sights of London reflected in the window glass: the Palace, Nelson's Column, Tower Bridge...

TUDOR STREET (NIGHT)

is deserted. Dark Annie walks down the middle of the road, the fog clinging to the buildings. A coach leaps out of the fog right behind her.

Annie turns - she's face to face with the death coach's snorting horses. She shields her eyes - the carriage lights are reflected off the fog, dazzling her. She can't see the driver's face.

NETLEY
Didn't scare you did I, darlin'?

She walks around so she can see him clearly - she looks beautiful in the soft light.

NETLEY
I know a very refined gentleman that's seen ya before. He sent me out to look for you. He's taken a real likin' to ya, he has - a real likin'.

Annie smiles, flattered.

DARK ANNIE
Well, where he is then - this refined gentleman?

NETLEY
Down near Dorset Street. Come on girl - get in. Real brass monkey weather, this. Want sommit to eat?

Annie takes the bag Netley gives her -

DARK ANNIE
Grapes? I didn't know they was in season.

She grabs a handful and stuffs them in her mouth - like all the women, she's half starving. She steps into the carriage and slams the door. Crack! The carriage disappears into the ghost-like fog. Still the city seems to be waiting -

A NARROW ROAD (NIGHT)

at the back of Christchurch - deserted, silent. The death coach is parked in front of a tiny lane. Netley is looking down it -

IN THE LANE (NIGHT)

Dark Annie is moving down into the shadows, glancing around. She can't see anyone - she turns and looks back at Netley. He waves her forward -

NETLEY
That's it, keep going... you're right... no...no - left...

Annie curves round towards the left - it's getting darker, the silence seems to deepen. She passes pitch-black alcoves, pools of shadow - a man could be waiting anywhere. Drip, drip - the sound of water falling from a roof... tap, tap - her heels on the cobbles. She hesitates -

NETLEY
Go on - through the archway... you're almost there...

Annie keeps going, into -

A SECLUDED YARD (NIGHT)

It seems deserted. For a moment, the walls seem to twist - she shakes her head, trying to clear it. She doesn't know it, but it's the grapes. She walks towards a wedge of darkness near a water pump. Closer... closer...

Creak! Behind her! She spins - it's a stable door moving in the wind. She opens -

DARK ANNIE
Hello...

Nothing. She turns to head back towards the pump - an arm launches out of the darkness of the stable! It locks around her throat. Jack! He rams her back against the wall. Her terrified eyes stare at him -

DARK ANNIE
I... I know you... I seen you down Dorset Street.

Jack's manicured, trembling hand clamps across her mouth, trying to silence her. She fights, but it's hard - the drug is sapping her strength. She tries to scream - a muffled, whimpering sound. We crane over the wall -

THE YARD NEXT DOOR (NIGHT)

A man comes out the back of an adjoining tenement. This is Albert Cadosch, a carpenter, heading out early for work. He unzips his fly -

DARK ANNIE (O.S.)
Ohh... ooh...

Cadosch listens - a couple of gasping sounds - then decides what it is.

CADOSCH
Whores - fuckin' in the street! Haven't you heard of beds? Do your business some place else!

He turns and walks inside.

IN THE SECLUDED YARD (NIGHT)

Jack, his back to us, has thrown Annie to the ground, his hand around her throat. The portable amputation kit lies next to her. He raises the Liston knife - on his finger he wears a ring with two symbols - a miter and an orb.

Annie's terrified face is reflected in the surface of the knife. It plunges down - Annie's body convulses. We don't see anymore - just the motion of his body - he's killing her in a frenzy of violence. Despite his stranglehold, Annie screams.

Her high-pitched cry rises into the night. It turns into the screech of a police whistle. It's as if the city has found a voice at last -

A UNIFORMED COP (NIGHT)

runs through the crowd of drunks and johns in Dorset Street, blowing his whistle, summoning help. People turn and look.

A VEGETABLE CART (NIGHT)

pulls up hard, right in front of Spitalfield's Market. It's a huge place - hundreds of stalls under an ornate iron roof. Even at this early hour, the place is crowded. The driver, out of breath, calls to them -

DRIVER
I've just come past Dorset Street. They've found another bang-tail...

A SLUM DOORWAY (NIGHT)

A woman and her two small children watch as her husband - a roughly-dressed working man - knocks urgently on a door. It opens, revealing the unshaven owner. He looks the family up and down -

OWNER
It's a penny each for youse two, 'alf price for the rats.

The woman hands the money over and the owner stands aside, pointing up the stairs. He yells out -

OWNER
Martha! Four more. Get some of them buggers out!

The family heads up. More people arrive at the door.

AN UPSTAIRS ROOM (NIGHT)

is crowded with jostling, yelling people, not all of them poor - men in top hats, a few well-dressed women. They all strain to look out the windows at the back. The owner's wife, holding a shovel, tries to move some people out.

The family enter and worm their way to the front. The mother looks out the window. She goes pale and puts her hand to her mouth. The owner's wife sees -

MARTHA
Use the bucket! The bucket!

Too late. We hear the mother retching. Martha - cursing - moves forward to clean up the mess with the shovel. As she pushes through we go with her, craning over head to look through the window -

ANNIE'S BODY (NIGHT)

lies in the yard right below the window, covered in blood. The police have the entrance to the yard blocked - Godley and a team of constables fight to keep a howling crowd of gawkers back.

A cameraman is on the roof of the warehouse, setting up his tripod. Two young constables are using old sheets to make a screen around the body. With the lanterns burning inside, it looks like a shadow-play.

Godley looks up - Abberline fights through the crowd. He's pale and disheveled - it's 3.30 in the morning and he's been dragged straight from bed.

ABBERLINE
Who found her?

GODLEY
A bloke on his way to work. He ran and got a Bobby.

ABBERLINE
What about the injuries - similar?

GODLEY
Worse. He laid open the stomach, severed the intestines and arranged them around her neck and shoulder. The doctor I called said the uterus, the womb and their attachments were removed, including -

ABBERLINE
All right - enough.

He rubs his eyes - he's weary, drained. The constables have finished erecting the make-shift screen. The people at the windows yell and jeer - they've paid good money. Abberline steps inside the screen -

ABBERLINE
Come on - let's get on with it.

Annie's lying face down - her thighs and buttocks exposed.

ABBERLINE
Turn her over.

The two constables comply but we don't see the terrible injuries. We hold on Abberline - he looks at her face. Mouth twisted, eyes like glass.

ABBERLINE
(surprised)
She was at the funeral, she was Polly Nichols' friend, wasn't she?

GODLEY
That's right - Annie Chapman. She was the lass threatened by the Nichols Street gang last week.

Abberline stares at her, thinking, trying to fit this piece into the puzzle. A beat, then he reaches out and lays two pennies over her glassy eyes.

GODLEY
I've never understood, why do people do that?

ABBERLINE
The coins are to pay the Ferry-man. He takes the body across the river into the Land of the Dead. Without the money she'll have to wander forever, lost between two worlds.

We hold on the pennies - on both of them is the face of Queen Victoria.

PACKER'S RENTS (LATE NIGHT)

Long rows of people, tied together, are asleep on the benches. Kate Eddowes and Liz Stride huddle together, scared, close to a mean fire burning in the hearth. They look up - Mary enters. She's been running, out of breath -

KATE
(urgent)
You heard?

MARY
I was down Lobe's bakery trying to cadge a loaf. One of the barrow boys told me. I came straight here.

KATE
I saw Tom McQueen in Crispin Street just before midnight. The fuckin' dandy! That prick Geordie was with him, drivin' his carriage.

MARY
I know. Molly Hatton told me she saw Annie talkin' to 'em.

LONG LIZ
Oh Jesus, Mary... I know it's not your fault that bloke went away but we've got to get money from somewhere. What are we going to do?!

She grabs hold of Mary - frightened, desperate. Mary pushes her off -

MARY
I don't know!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Will you fuckin' women shut up!

MARY
(softly)
I don't know... sometimes there's a couple of punters who want to double team you. I've never done it but I know the pay's good... try new things... work harder, that's all I can think of.

Long Liz looks at her - bitter, angry.

LONG LIZ
It's alright for you - you're still young and pretty. I was like that once. What I have to charge now, there's not enough hours in the day. This was my last tuppence for lodging. I haven't eaten since the day 'fore yesterday.

MARY
Holy God, no wonder you're fallin' apart. Help me, Kate - if we give her tuppence each, she can get some soup at Wallis's in the mornin' -

She turns - Kate is just looking at her, making no effort to open her purse.

KATE
I've got a bit put aside. I'm only working another few days and that'll give me enough for a train fare. John Kelly's asked me to go hop-picking with him in Kent. The money's rat-shit but it's a damn sight safer. I'm sorry, Mary.

MARY
Yeah, I know. I can't blame you, Kate. If I had a chance, I'd probably do it, too.

She turns to Liz and gives her the money herself -

MARY
There you go, Liz - pay me back when you get a chance.

Liz hugs her. The three women huddle together in front of the fire - cold, hungry, frightened. An orange and green disc burns through them -

THE SUN

rises over London, its color distorted by the smoke streaming from thousands of chimneys. A dark pall hangs over the city -

A LARGE CROWD (DAY)

has gathered outside the morgue. It's still early but Whitechapel's rumor mill has been churning for hours. People are yelling, kids screaming, barrow boys selling chestnuts and roasted pigeon, reporters and sightseers all over the place.

INSIDE THE MORGUE (DAY)

Dark Annie's body lies on a slab, partly hidden by a sheet. The morgue doctor, the coroner, an intern and the paupers stand nearby, watching. Gull, working behind the sheet, is doing the autopsy.

Abberline is on the far side of the room, waiting for the results. Godley comes to his side. He tips the contents of a paper bag out onto a bench -

GODLEY
It's the contents of her purse. Six pence in change, a couple of farthings polished up to look like shillings - typical - a crust of bread if you're hungry, a bottle of cheap scent, empty, a spare pair of underdrawers and this -

He hands Abberline a small cardboard ticket with a number on it.

GODLEY
You recognize it?

ABBERLINE
Of course - I've used it myself.

Gull approaches, the autopsy over. Abberline takes the ticket and puts it in his pocket. Godley moves off, calling instructions to the paupers.

GULL
You were right about the Liston knife and the amputation kit. All the injuries were consistent with those instruments. This isn't a copy-cat, it's definitely the same hand.

He reaches into his apron and takes out a grape.

GULL
You were right about these, too. Her stomach was full of them.

ABBERLINE
Thank you for coming. I don't trust the Medical Examiner, not dealing with something like this.

GULL
An intelligent man, the Medical Examiner. He asked me if I thought an ax could have caused some of the wounds.

The two men head out of the room.

THE FRONT OF THE MORGUE (DAY)

Abberline and Gull come through the front doors - both of them are shocked by the size of the crowd. The reporters surge forward. Women shout abuse at Abberline. They want the police to do something - two murders in a couple of days!

Abberline, grim-faced, shoulders his way through. He heads towards a cab, ignoring the reporters. A couple of them recognize Gull and he stops to answer their questions.

A seedy, rat-faced man plants himself right in front of Abberline. This is Best from "The Star". Abberline can't get round him.

BEST
Does Sir William's presence mean The Palace is taking an interest in the murders, Inspector?

ABBERLINE
The Palace? Have another drink, Best. What are you talking about?

BEST
Sir William Gull - Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen. In what capacity is he here?

Abberline is thrown - he never realized Gull was that illustrious. He scrambles -

ABBERLINE
I had no knowledge... a private capacity... Sir William is here as a friend.

He pushes past Best and heads towards the cab.

INSIDE THE CAB (DAY)

Abberline waits, uniformed cops keep the crowd at bay. The door opens and Gull gets in. The driver snaps the reins and they head off.

ABBERLINE
I'm embarrassed - I had no idea you were physician to the Queen. I'm sorry - I've been making too free of your time.

GULL
Not at all. Basically the title's honorary. I'm more an advisor than anything else. I'm glad to be of help.

ABBERLINE
Thank you.
(he pauses)
You told me before about some of the highest in the land who had contracted syphilis -

GULL
That was indiscreet. I was angry. I'll have to ask you to forget I ever mentioned that.

ABBERLINE
Of course. But I have been thinking - if a wealthy or powerful person was afflicted in such a way, it might explain the savagery.

GULL
Well, yes... I certainly think whoever's responsible feels betrayed by women... a very strong sense of betrayal. He's not just killing them, is he? He's *punishing* them.

Abberline looks out the window - he's had that feeling, too. But why punish them?

INSIDE THE RINGERS (DAY)

The place is crowded. Daylight, if possible, makes it look even worse; the dirt on the floor, the cockroaches in the corner. Mary Kelly sits alone, pale and frightened - still trying to deal with Dark Annie's murder.

Abberline comes through the front door and looks around. He catches sight of Mary and pushes through the crowd towards her. As he passes we hold on a man sitting at a table. It's the Undertaker, nursing a drink, staring at her.

Mary does her best to ignore him. She picks up the glass but her hand's trembling. Before she can get it to her mouth, liquor splashes onto the table.

MARY
Damn - get a grip!

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
I knew a man once with a problem like that.

Mary looks up - she's pleased to see him and tries to smile. He sits down.

ABBERLINE
He drank himself into an early grave, but you know what he used to do?

She shakes her head. Abberline leans close and drapes his handkerchief around the back of her neck. One end he puts in her left hand, the other he wraps around the glass of liquor. He clamps her right hand around it -

ABBERLINE
Now pull down your left hand.

The handkerchief around her neck acts like a pulley. The farther she pulls down with her left hand, the higher her right hand and the glass rise up. It gets it to her mouth without spilling. Despite her troubles, she can't help smiling.

ABBERLINE
See, works like a charm. Of course, the man I learned it from was an alcoholic, that's why he couldn't hold a glass. What about you?

MARY
You heard about Annie Chapman?

Abberline nods. Mary starts to say something but she's too upset. She turns away - the Undertaker has small piles of change on his table. He pushes one towards her - a silent offer. Abberline catches it out the corner of his eye. Mary turns back -

ABBERLINE
Two friends in a few days. What's going on, Mary?

She looks at him, not sure how far she can trust him. Their eyes meet - Abberline's don't waver. It seems she might unburden herself but then thinks better of it -

MARY
Working girls stick together. We have to - I guess a lot of girls knew 'em both.

ABBERLINE
Strange, though... maybe there's more to it than that. Listen, Mary - I want to help you.

MARY
Nothing to help, Fred. It's nice of you to offer, but anyway - what could you do?

He reaches into his coat and gives her a one pound note.

ABBERLINE
I want you to get a proper room and stay off the streets. That's a start.

She stares at him for a moment, unbelieving -

MARY
I can't take this, Fred.

ABBERLINE
'Course you can. Now go on.

MARY
But... why... why are you doing this?

ABBERLINE
I told you I could help, didn't I?

Mary puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. For a moment, he's tempted to kiss her back - she really is beautiful - but he disentangles her arms.

MARY
I didn't always do this work, you know. Ever since I was thirteen I had real jobs. For five years I was a lace-maker - but then that went bad and what can you do? Virtue's easy on a full stomach.

ABBERLINE
There must have been other jobs, though.

The Undertaker smiles at Mary. He pushes another pile of coins to join the first one, upping the offer. Mary's embarrassed, she doesn't want Abberline to see.

MARY
Not in my line - machines are doing it all. You grow up in Ireland, you barely get an education. Last year I worked as an artist's model. I was living in a lovely place with a lass called Annie Crook. She worked in a sweet shop but got herself knocked up. I was sort of like home help.

ABBERLINE
What happened?

MARY
Some toff used to visit her... Albert Victor... then one day there was trouble - nothing to do with me - but it all came to an end. I was out on the street.

ABBERLINE
Married was he?

MARY
Yeah, somethin' like that.

Abberline notes the evasion but doesn't think any more of it. Mary looks down at the money -

MARY
A proper room, you said. There's a woman I know, a good Irish Catholic - she runs a boarding house in Dwyer Street. It's clean and there's two meals a day. I could spend a few nights there, try to get myself sorted...
(pauses)
I never asked - but are you married, Fred?

A beat between them. The Undertaker pushes a third set of coins across. Abberline, unseen by Mary, notes it.

ABBERLINE
No... no, I'm not married, Mary.

MARY
You could come 'round... you know,
stay the night... there'd be real sheets
and I'd get some flowers in. Only if you
want, but it's not like I'm saving myself,
is it? I'd like to, Fred.

Abberline looks at her lovely eyes - it's hard to keep focused on the job. He smiles, keeping his voice light -

ABBERLINE
Maybe... let's see, shall we?

MARY
You're right - I'm always rushing things.
But you'll think about it, won't you, Fred?

ABBERLINE
(smiling)
'Course I will. Listen - there's nothing
about Polly and Annie, is there? You're
being honest with me, aren't you?

MARY
Sure I am.

She smiles and he smiles back. But he doesn't believe her. He looks at the clock.

ABBERLINE
Gawd - time I was going.

He gets up. Mary leans forward and kisses his cheek -

MARY
You're a good man, Fred. You really are.

He turns and starts to go. The Undertaker grins at Mary. Abberline's hand up-ends his table, sending it into his chest, knocking him to the ground. Crack! Abberline's boot comes down on his hand.

The man screams - but not for long. The piles of coins have gone flying. The Undertaker scrambles to retrieve them. Too late - people are diving off stools and fighting to grab them.

Mary stares at Abberline. He goes out the door.

A MASSIVE GLASS AND IRON ROOF (DAY)

We tilt down from it - steam trains stand at platforms, smoke pouring from their engines. We are inside Liverpool Street Station - a huge building, a Gothic cathedral to the locomotive.

We push through the crowds of commuters - Abberline has come straight from The Ringers. He turns through a doorway. Over it is a sign:

Left Luggage

INSIDE THE OFFICE (DAY)

Abberline hands Dark Annie's small cardboard ticket to a clerk. The man looks for its matching number in racks of packages and suitcases -

ABBERLINE
A lot of working girls leave stuff here, do they?

CLERK
Put anything down in the doss houses, it's thieved for sure.

He hands Abberline a battered suitcase held together by a rope. Abberline pays him and moves to the end of the counter.

He opens the suitcase and looks through it. This is all someone's life amounted to: a couple of threadbare changes of clothing, a half empty bottle of gin, a few cheap souvenirs from day trips and fun fairs, a bound package of papers.

Abberline leafs through them - a few letters, a postcard from Windsor, a faded photograph of Dark Annie with a handsome man and a crippled child, papers from court appearances and a gold-edged business card with an address.

Walter Sickert
Artist

THE RAILWAY CONCOURSE (DAY)

Abberline, carrying the suitcase, comes out of the office and makes his way towards the street. The setting sun glows through the glass roof, clouds of steam billow up, shadows play on the towering walls. We lose him in the crowd.

A HEAVY WOODEN DOOR (NIGHT)

swings open. The sweet smoke of opium hangs in the air. The Emperor leads Mary into the room. The place seems deserted - fires glow in the braziers, dozens of pipes sit on a rack, the silk hangings sway gently in the breeze. The Emperor stops next to the table in the center of the room -

MARY
Two shillings for six hours?

The Emperor nods - yes.

MARY
It's good money.

EMPEROR
You understand what you have to do?

Mary takes off her hat and unfastens her hair. The Emperor turns and goes. She unbuttons her blouse, slips it off and lets her dress drop to the floor. Standing in her simple white underwear, she has a beautiful figure - long legs, creamy skin.

We rack focus - the room isn't completely deserted. A man lies on a divan in the darkest corner, a pipe next to him, watching. It's Abberline.

Mary puts her clothes on a bench and unhooks her bra. She slides her underpants down and steps out of them.

Abberline watches as she climbs onto the table and lies on her back. The soft light washes over her naked body. She closes her eyes and waits for the first man.

A HAND

enters frame, trembling ever so slightly. The fingertips brush across the skin of her stomach. It's Abberline. We pull back to reveal that she hasn't opened her eyes.

His mouth goes down towards her neck. He kisses her throat... her cheek... towards her lips. She opens her eyes - and sees him! They look at one another. Then she reaches up and pulls his mouth onto hers.

Her arms reach up and embrace him, unbuttoning his shirt, stripping him. He lays on top of her - covering her with his body. She holds him tight. He whispers her name -

Bang... bang!

ABBERLINE'S FLAT (NIGHT)

Abberline's head rests on the side of a cast-iron bath. He lies in the water, asleep. The opium den was just a dream of her. Letters and documents from Dark Annie's package float on the water - he was reading them when he passed out.

Bang, bang again - someone hammering on the door. Abberline rouses himself - he looks haggard and worn, the two murders are already taking their toll. He looks at a clock on the mantle - it's just after 7pm. He gets up -

THE FRONT DOOR (NIGHT)

It opens. Robert Lees, the psychic, stands on the threshold. He and Abberline - dressed in a bathrobe - look at one another.

ABBERLINE
How do you know where I live?!

LEES
Don't ask, Inspector - I don't want another argument about my gifts.

Abberline starts to shut the door. Lees doesn't try to prevent him.

LEES
Annie Crook.

That stops Abberline.

ABBERLINE
Mary Kelly said that name. What do you know about Annie Crook?

LEES
A veil, Mr Abberline - that's what I saw... a woman in widow's weeds... drawing threads to her... a mystery, perhaps. Out of the viscous light, there came a name. Annie Crook.

ABBERLINE
What else?

LEES
I saw a road - a church at the end, old as history. A Norman steeple with no bell -

FLASH

A street in London with a tiny, ancient church at the end. It has the low, square steeple of a church built 800 years ago -

LEES (O.S.)
Then four shops, all in a row... a child hanging from the gallows... a man's face in stone, grinning -

FLASH

Four shops in a row. A cobbler is pulling down shutters, closing for the night.

LEES (O.S.)
Then I saw a sign -

ABBERLINE

is watching him, not sure what to believe -

ABBERLINE
(exasperated)
You're always seeing signs, according to you. Give me something useful -

LEES
(hard)
A *street* sign, Mr Abberline.

CLEVELAND STREET (NIGHT)

is a sign fixed to the wall of a building. We tilt down from it. It's late - the street is quiet, almost deserted. Abberline and Lees come round a corner. At the far end is a church with a Norman steeple. There's no bell. Abberline turns and looks at Lees -

LEES
Walk.

Abberline feels a growing sense of trepidation. They pass four shops. One sells old books and prints. In the window is an 18th century lithograph called "The Newgate Jig". It shows a boy dangling from the gallows at Newgate Prison.

Lees doesn't bother to look. He walks straight ahead, concentrating. Abberline glances across the road at a small public library. Supporting the roof are gargoyles, the grinning faces of men in stone.

Lees stops in front of a large house, converted into flats.

LEES
This is it.

ABBERLINE
How do you know?

LEES
Like I told you - evil clings to a place.

A CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

inside the house. Abberline and Lees come down a flight of stairs, into shadow. Ahead is the front door of a basement apartment. It's boarded-up, the corridor strewn with dust and garbage. Abberline kicks the door, splintering it.

LEES
Are you sure we're allowed to do this?

ABBERLINE
'Course we are. What's the use of being a copper if you can't kick a door in?

They force their way through -

THE FIRE-PLACE (NIGHT)

is piled high with ashes - a huge fire once burned in it. The apartment is empty - no papers, furniture. Lees stops, as if drawing the energy of the place into himself -

LEES
These three things abideth - faith, hope and compassion. But not here... we're in the deepest part of the human soul. They destroyed everything, as if she never existed...

ABBERLINE
Who's "they", Mr Lees?

We hold on his eyes, the palest blue -

LEES
Six... seven... of them -

FLASH

Hard men in suits crash through the apartment. They look like plain-clothes cops - muscular bodies, chiseled faces. They gather up everything, hurling it in the fire -

LEES (O.S.)
It's the early hours of the evening... a year ago... November, the month of fog. There were more in the street -

FLASH

Another dozen or so men - similarly dressed - have blocked off the street, diverting the traffic, keeping residents away. Mary Kelly and Walter Sickert stand together in the shadows, watching the commotion around the apartment. Several of the hard men approach. Mary and Sickert turn and go - frightened.

LEES (O.S.)
Inside, a woman... not in widow's weeds now... the name again - Annie Crook... a child ripped untimely from its mother's arms....

FLASH

Annie Crook - in her early 20's, blonde hair, wholesome - is terrified, screaming at the men. Two of them grab her from behind her, pinning her. A senior man - Ben Kidney - smiles at her. He's in his 40's - a fine gabardine coat and an air of sophistication - but his eyes are cold and cruel. He reaches out and wrenches Annie's screaming baby from her arms.

Annie fights, tearing and thrashing, but the men are too strong. Kidney walks away with the baby. Annie, sobbing, sinks to the floor in front of the roaring fire. Other men continue to throw the remnants of her life onto the flames. Darkness closes in -

LEES (O.S.)
The veil falls... the fire dies... misery cries on an unseen wind. All that's left are memories...

ABBERLINE

looks at him. Lees wipes the sweat from his shaven head, coming out of it. One thing is certain - it takes its toll on Lees. He looks like death.

ABBERLINE
Where's Annie Crook - dead?

LEES
No, the signs would be different. But she's hidden from us...locked in a darkness... that's what the veil means.

ABBERLINE
And the Whitechapel killer - was he here?

LEES
Unseen threads bind men to history and entangle them in its web. No, he wasn't here but one of those threads runs from Annie Crook to him and down into the ghosts of Whitechapel. That's what we followed here, Inspector. It's led us to the land of answers... if only, if only, we could see them.

He sits on a wooden crate in the corner, exhausted, frustrated. Abberline turns to the fireplace and pokes through the ashes. Deep down, he finds the remnants of a little girl's baby dress. He looks at a label -

ABBERLINE
"Hand-sewn in Bond Street" - somebody had real money.

Under the clothes is a charred jewelry box. Inside is a photo of Annie Crook and her baby. A man has an arm round her shoulder - the sort of photo a woman might keep of her husband. The man's face and part of his body have disappeared, burned off.

ABBERLINE
Do you know the name Albert Victor? Did you hear it in this room.

Lees looks up. He goes still - trying to remember. We tighten in on him - the room fills with sound: men crashing through doors, Annie Crook screaming, furniture being upturned, the roar of a fire, men yelling. Abberline hears nothing.

LEES
Albert Victor? No. Just one name... when the men first arrived. One of them called out - Mr Kidney, he said...

The sound dies. Lees turns and looks at Abberline. The Inspector has paled, a feeling of dread passing over him - .

LEES
What's wrong, Inspector - someone walk over your grave?

ABBERLINE
You're the psychic. There's only one man I know of that name. Superintendent Ben Kidney of the Special Branch.

Lees looks at him, lost - the Special Branch means nothing to him.

ABBERLINE
Do you know the Special Branch? Set up to catch the Irish bombers. They report directly to the Government. These are hard men, Mr Lees. What the hell were they doing here?

LEES
I don't know. But I saw their faces, Mr Abberline. Be careful - Ben Kidney, for one, is a killer.

We hold on Abberline's face.

RAIN DRIVES DOWN (AFTERNOON)

on a group of impressive Government buildings. It's early afternoon, the following day. Uniformed police hurry in and out of one of the buildings. Over the doors:

Scotland Yard

We pan off it and look through a window streaked with rain -

INSIDE THE ROOM (AFTERNOON)

Abberline waits below a raised wood counter - we are in the Central Records Office of the Police Department. A uniformed sergeant in his 60's - unsmiling, tough - flicks through a cabinet full of index cards.

SERGEANT
No, nothing on Cleveland Street, not in the last five years, anyway.

He closes the cabinet and locks it.

ABBERLINE
And if it was a Special Branch matter..?

The constable looks at him hard.

CONSTABLE
If it was a Special Branch matter, I'd say you shouldn't even *know* about it. Nor should I.

ABBERLINE
Well, yes... I guess you're right. Thanks, anyway. Goodnight.

He turns and goes. The Sergeant keeps watching, marking him.

TOWER BRIDGE (EARLY EVENING)

spans the dark waters of the Thames. Abberline stands against the railing, staring out into the twilight. On the banks of the river - the twinkling lights of the Houses of Parliament, the beautiful dome of St Paul's, the spire of Westminster Abbey. But Abberline doesn't see them - he's lost in his thoughts, not knowing what to do.

A BURNING PLUG OF OPIUM (NIGHT)

sits in the bowl of a long-stemmed pipe. We pull back to reveal Abberline dragging the smoke into his lungs. He lies on one of the divans in the Mayfair house. The place is full but nobody speaks, everybody lost in their own dreams. We push in on Abberline's face. In the iris of his eye we see -

A CROWDED STREET (NIGHT)

in Whitechapel. Carriages in the road, the sidewalk packed with the usual desperates, steam billowing from a Chinese laundry. Mary weaves through the crowd, looking for business.

Abberline is behind her, trying to catch up, fighting through people. But the harder he tries, the slower he goes. He tries to call her name, but no sound will come.

A black carriage crawls along the gutter. The death coach. Mary sees it. Smiling, she approaches.

Abberline pushes harder to reach her but the tide of people holds him back. He sees her talking to the occupant, he tries to yell but no sound will come.

The door opens and Mary gathers up her skirts, ready to climb in. Abberline throws people aside, stumbling, racing for her. All sound dies. Mary goes through the door. Abberline's heart pounds. His hand stretches for her -

Slam! The carriage door closes. It takes off, the horses' hooves thundering -

IN THE OPIUM HOUSE (NIGHT)

Abberline's hand, still stretched out, grabs hold of a pillar and pulls himself to his feet. He's sweating, breathing hard. He finds his coat, pulls it on and straightens his tie. He starts to move fast -

A TALL STONE BUILDING (NIGHT)

Through an iron railing, the Thames flows by. Abberline walks fast across a dark courtyard and enters the heavily barred front door of the building. These are the offices of the Special Branch.

INSIDE THE BUILDING (NIGHT)

A police constable sits behind a security grill. Abberline stands on the other side. He opens his wallet and shows a gold crest - the badge of his rank. He mumbles -

ABBERLINE
Inspector Addarly, here to see Mister Kidney.

The constable barely looks at the name (Adderly and Abberline are close anyway) - he recognizes the crest as genuine. He indicates a clock on the wall - 9.45pm.

CONSTABLE
It's supper time. Superintendent Kidney's not back yet, sir.

ABBERLINE
And the bastard said he had a big job on - a big job with a knife and fork obviously. He said to wait in his office.

The constable smiles back and opens the grill.

CONSTABLE
You know the way, sir?

ABBERLINE
Fourth floor, isn't it?

CONSTABLE
Fifth.

Abberline makes a show of remembering and heads towards the stairs.

THE COURTYARD (NIGHT)

Ben Kidney walks towards the stone building. With him are Tom Press, in his 20's, and a brutal-looking man called Garret Brack - also members of the Special Branch. The light from a candle flickers in a fifth-floor window.

TOM
Somebody's working late...

Kidney follows the direction of his gaze.

KIDNEY
Whoever it is, I'm gonna take their balls off. How many times have I told 'em - you can't use an open light in the file room? One day they'll burn the whole shitbox down.

IN THE FILE ROOM (NIGHT)

Abberline is working fast, searching through the racks of files that line the walls.

THE FRONT DESK (NIGHT)

The constable unlocks the security grill, admitting Kidney and the two other men.

CONSTABLE
Inspector Adderly's here, sir. I sent him up to your room.

KIDNEY
Who? I'm not expecting anyone.

The constable stares at Kidney, confused. A beat.

KIDNEY
Jesus Christ - the file room!

The three of them race for the stairs.

THE FILE ROOM (NIGHT)

Abberline's got a cabinet open, scattering files everywhere, searching for "Cleveland Street". Nothing. He keeps looking. From outside - the sound of men running!

Abberline searches furiously. He stops at a file. On the top - "Crook, Annie Mary". He rips the file out of the cabinet. It contains a single sheet of paper - an official document, like an admission form. Printed across the top are the words:

Marylebone Workhouse

THE CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

There are two doors into the file room. Kidney motions to Press and Brack - they approach one door, Kidney takes the other. Simultaneously, they burst in -

THE FILE ROOM (NIGHT)

is empty. The lantern flickers on a table. Drawers are open, the room in chaos. Kidney's eyes search the shadows - the intruder could be anywhere. He draws a gun. He moves forward -

The lantern flickers again. Kidney looks at the tall windows at the back of the room - wind comes through a tiny crack at the top, blowing the lantern. Someone hasn't closed it properly! Kidney motions to Press and Brack. They close in on the window.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Abberline, eighty feet up, dangles between two windows, his hands gripping the iron gutter, nothing supporting his feet. He watches the shadows play inside the room. Smash!

Fists come through the glass on either side, grabbing at him, fingers tearing into his face, ripping his hair. Kidney's head comes out the window, the gun rising, his finger on the trigger. Abberline drops! Kidney fires - misses. Abberline plunges down.

THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING (NIGHT)

Abberline falls, falls - eighty feet or more. Splash! He hits the river hard, the air blasted out of his lungs -

UNDERWATER (NIGHT)

He plunges down through the brown, fast flowing water, his coat billowing up.. down, down... fighting for breath. Wham! His thigh hits the river bottom. His arms flail, struggling, trying to drag himself up, through submerged garbage -

IN THE FILE ROOM

Kidney leans out the window. He sees a man's head break water, already far downstream, being swept farther away by the current.

KIDNEY
Who the fuck was that?

He watches until the man disappears into darkness. Out of it come glittering lights -

THE WEST END (NIGHT)

The theaters of Shaftesbury Avenue, bars and bistros, the music hall at Piccadilly, the ornate entrance to the Cafe Royal, the shop windows of Fortnum and Mason's - all blazing with gas light. This is Broadway and Times Square in a different age. The streets are crowded with carriages and well-dressed people.

We crane down, down - until we look through a narrow ventilation grill on the sidewalk. It opens into -

A BASEMENT CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

It's wide, stone-walled, lined with crates of wine for one of the bistros above. Sir Charles Warren, dressed in a dark overcoat over formal wear, makes his way along it. He turns a corner and goes down a flight of steep stairs, deeper underground -

AN ANTE-ROOM (NIGHT)

An arched roof, walls sweating moisture - a place hidden and strange. Sir Charles takes off his overcoat, revealing a sash across his shoulder and a white apron with strange markings. He uses a gold key to open a heavy door. He steps through, into -

A HUGE VAULTED CAVERN (NIGHT)

A crystal chandelier, big enough for a ballroom, hangs from the roof. It lights a checker-board floor of black and white marble. Tiers of mahogany seats surround it. The room is crowded with men - all wearing the sash and apron. This is a meeting of a lodge of the secret Order of Free and Accepted Masons.

Warren gives a strange, ritual handshake to a man monitoring the door and moves inside. We travel with him as he heads towards the gallery.

In the background, a blindfolded man is in the center of the room, his shirt open to the waist. He stands in front of the Governor of the lodge, undergoing initiation -

GOVERNOR
Whom have you here?

ASSISTANT
A poor candidate in a state of darkness
who comes of his own free will,
properly prepared, humbly soliciting to
be admitted to the mysteries and
privileges of Freemasonry.

The Governor presses the point of a silver dagger into the chest of the candidate.

GOVERNOR
In all cases of difficulty and danger,
in who do you put your trust?

CANDIDATE
In God.

We reach -

THE GALLERY (NIGHT)

Sir Charles has stopped next to an elderly, very powerful man. His name is Lord Hailsham. They are speaking low -

HAILSHAM
Are you sure?

SIR CHARLES
I had a note from the officer in charge
of the Records Office. He's a brother
Mason.

HAILSHAM
How the hell did he find out about Cleveland Street?!

SIR CHARLES
I don't know, m'lord. I can't believe he knows very much - if he did he would never have asked for the file.

HAILSHAM
Doesn't know much?! Not yet, maybe. I always said it was dangerous - he's not one of us, he's not on the square.

Hailsham turns away, worried, thinking about what to do. Below them, the initiation ceremony continues. Hailsham decides -

HAILSHAM
We can't take any risk. We're going to have to keep a watch on this man of yours. I want you to talk to Ben Kidney.

IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM (NIGHT)

The ritual reaches its climax. The candidate kneels on the floor, one hand on an ancient book and the other holding the sacred symbols of Freemasonry -

CANDIDATE
...never to reveal our secrets under no less a penalty than that my throat be cut across, my tongue torn out by the root and that I be buried in sand a cable's length from shore.

The Governor raises him to his feet and removes the blindfold. A rising crescendo of applause as the men in the gallery cheer their new member.

THE STREETS (MORNING)

are glistening on a frosty morning. A horse-drawn cage rumbles towards us. Inside are eight women. Several of them are crazy, rambling to themselves, the others are just poor- huddled in the corners, trying to keep warm. The cage turns and goes through a set of iron gates. Over them is a sign:

Marylebone Workhouse

INSIDE A COURTYARD (MORNING)

The iron gates are shut and barred - this is a pauper's prison. The cage stops. Female guards unlock it and motion the women out. We pan off of them -

Abberline, accompanied by a resident doctor and the female Governor, make their way across the courtyard. They go through a door -

A HUGE ARCHED ROOM (MORNING)

The ceiling is supported by three massive beams. A slogan is painted on each of them: God Is Good; God Is Holy; God Is Just.

We tilt down to several hundred women - some infirm, some retarded, all dressed in gray smocks. They sit at work benches doing simple sewing - sheets, pillow cases, sacks. Abberline and his escort make their way through them. They go through a doorway, down a long, steep stone stairway -

INSIDE AN UNDERGROUND CELL (MORNING)

A woman turns and looks up at a barred window set in an iron door. She's in her late 20's and must have been pretty once but now her hair is shaved, shoulders stooped, her eyes dull and vacant. She has a large rectangular scar on her temple - a reminder of some operation. It's Annie Crook - just.

IN THE CORRIDOR (MORNING)

Abberline and the other two look in at her.

ABBERLINE
What happened to her?

DOCTOR
There's a number of mental disorders for which it is necessary to remove the front part of the brain. The operation was performed before she came here, so I don't know what it was. Unfortunately one of the side effects is a reversal in personality and an almost total loss of memory.

Abberline stares at her - God, no wonder somebody wanted to keep it secret.

GOVERNOR
I don't know why you're wasting your time - you won't get any sense out of her. All she talks about is a children's book. Annie in Wonderland - that's what we call her. Ha! Ha!

ABBERLINE
Why don't you just open the fucking door.

The Governor glares at him - she thrusts the key in the lock and throws it open.

INSIDE THE CELL (MORNING)

Abberline steps inside. The door is closed behind him. Annie, sitting in the corner, doesn't look at him - she just keeps twisting the sleeve of her smock.

ABBERLINE
Annie, I want to ask you some questions -

Annie keeps staring straight ahead. Her voice is flat -

ANNIE
I want my Alice. I climbed out but she didn't.

ABBERLINE
Who's Alice - is that your baby?

ANNIE
We called her Alice 'cos of that book we read... all about a little girl that went down the rabbit hole.

ABBERLINE
Annie, listen -

ANNIE
And there was a Queen, a wicked old Queen and the Queen said "Off... off with her... off with her head!"

She looks up at Abberline - there are tears in her eyes. Abberline speaks gently -

ABBERLINE
It's just a story, Annie.

ANNIE
No! I want my Alice. I climbed out...

She keeps rambling on about the children's story. Abberline runs his hands through his hair - this is hopeless. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the half-burned photo. He crouches down in front of her and waits for her eyes to focus -

ABBERLINE
(pointing)
This is you, isn't it?

No response. He points at the baby -

ABBERLINE
And this is Alice.
(no response)
Who's this Annie? Is that the baby's father? Is that Albert Victor?

Annie is staring at the half-burned image of the man -

ANNIE
No. *Edward* Albert Victor *Christian*. I was the only one who called him Albert.

ABBERLINE
(unbelieving)
What?

ANNIE
Edward Albert Victor Christian.

Abberline stares at her. We hold on his face - oh, God.

THREE TRAINED MONKEYS (DAY)

sit on top of a hand-cart: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. Their owner plays a waltz on a beaten-up organ resting on the back of the cart. A trained parrot rattles a can, collecting farthings and halfpennies from passers-by.

We rack focus - we are in front of Bishopsgate Police Station. A large crowd of reporters are gathered on the steps, waiting for any development. They surge forward as Abberline gets out of a cab and moves fast to the front doors -

THE RECEPTION AREA (DAY)

Withers - the constable behind the desk - sees him coming through the doors.

WITHERS
He's here... he's here!
(to Abberline)
We've been lookin' for you, sir. There's been a letter.

He hands a couple of roughly-written pages to Abberline. He reads them as he walks fast through the station towards his office. Godley and other cops come to his side, moving with him -

ABBERLINE
"I am down on whores and shan't quit ripping them 'til I do get buckled... the next job I do I'll clip the lady's ears off, just for jolly.." It's bullshit.

The other cops look at him - what's he talking about?

GODLEY
There's been other cases -

ABBERLINE
The killer's intelligent. He thinks he's an artist with a knife. He doesn't write letters in red ink that start with "Dear Boss" and he certainly doesn't call himself "Jack the Ripper".
(he rubs his eyes - he's tired)
My guess is some bastard from the gutter press wrote it. Probably that idiot Best from "The Star" - the one who dreamt up Leather Apron.

He throws the letter down and goes into his office. The rest of the cops look at one another - not sure whether he's right or not.

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Abberline digs fast through a week's copies of "The Times" newspaper lying unread on a chair. He finds the one he's looking for and flies through the pages. He stops, reading something, then turns and goes for the door. We hold on the discarded paper, open at a page near the back. A column reads:

DWYER STREET (DAY)

is one of Whitechapel's better roads - a few shops, more substantial houses. Mrs Finnane's boarding house has a sign hanging out the front:

Rooms To Let
Gentlewomen Only

Abberline hurries up the steps. The sound of knocking on a door carries over -

INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS (DAY)

Mary is grabbing things, trying to tidy up. Her face is beaming - Abberline's come to see her! She looks in a mirror, cursing her hair. She calls out, excited -

MARY
Give me a minute. You should have warned me. This place is a mess...

IN THE CORRIDOR (DAY)

Abberline waits, impatient. The door swings open - revealing Mary, her hair pushed back, lipstick on. She looks at Abberline. Her smile fades -

MARY
What is it?

ABBERLINE
I want you to come with me.

MARY
Where?

ABBERLINE
The opening of Parliament. The Queen arrives at ten o'clock.

MARY
Parliament?

He takes her arm and leads her down the corridor -

ABBERLINE
What's wrong - not interested in democracy?

MARY
I would be - if anyone in England practiced it.

ABBERLINE
Spoken like a true Irish-woman.

They step out of the boarding house, into the street. Thunder-clouds are gathering - there's a storm on the way.

A FOREST OF TINY UNION JACKS (DAY)

are being waved by crowds that line the road that runs from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament. Uniformed police keep the sightseers back as ranks of troops pass by: the Household Cavalry, the Life Guard, the Imperial Dragoons.

Following close behind are rows of magnificent coaches carrying members of the Royal Family and the country's leading noblemen. Abberline and Mary push through to the front. Abberline points to a glass and vermilion coach flying a crest of three lions rampant -

ABBERLINE
The second coach from the front! Look at the man inside!

MARY
Who is it?

Abberline ignores her. He pushes her forward onto the roadway, shrugging off the restraining hand of a policeman.

INSIDE THE COACH (DAY)

From over the nobleman's shoulder, we see him waving at what he thinks is an enthusiastic subject. Abruptly his hand drops - he leans forward.

IN THE STREET (DAY)

Mary looks straight at him. Now we see his face - it's Prince Eddy. The coach passes. The policeman hauls her back off the road. She turns to Abberline -

ABBERLINE
Was it him? Albert Victor?

She nods. Abberline feels his stomach turn at the confirmation. Fear is rising in Mary by the second -

MARY
Who is he - really?

ABBERLINE
Prince Edward *Albert Victor* Christian. The Duke of Clarence. Grandson of Her Majesty the Queen. Heir to the throne of England.

Mary looks - what has she brought down on them? The light fades. It starts to rain.

MARY
Is it him... him that's doin' the killin'? Is that what you're saying?!

ABBERLINE
I don't know?! What's the link, Mary?
(he grabs her shoulder)
That's what I have to know - what's the link between Annie Crook, Polly, Dark Annie and the rest of you?

She looks at him, frightened by his intensity. Why does he have to know? She breaks free of him, overwhelmed by it all -

MARY
(anguished)
You're a copper, aren't you... all the questions - you wanted information... it wasn't me at all!

She turns and runs. All around them people are putting up umbrellas. Abberline tries to grab her but the crowd surges forward - the Queen's gold coach is passing. The dour old woman, dressed in her perpetual black, sits alone, waving at her subjects. Abberline scrambles after her, but he's going against the tide. We crane up -

A SEA OF BLACK UMBRELLAS (DAY)

Mary weaves through them. Following in her wake is Abberline. He falls farther and farther behind. The camera hinges on its axis. We are right at -

THE GATES OF PARLIAMENT (DAY)

The rain pours down. The Imperial Dragoons, silver helmets gleaming, trot through the gates. Behind them is Prince Eddy's coach. We see the man driving it - ramrod straight and dressed in livery. John Netley.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSES (DAY)

line an impeccable street - iron railings and lovely gardens. Abberline stands at the front door of one of a row of Nash terraces, impatient. He keeps pulling the door chime. A uniformed maid opens the front door -

ABBERLINE
Sir William Gull, please.

MAID
I don't believe Sir William is receiving -

Abberline pushes past her, into -

THE ENTRANCE FOYER (DAY)

A black and white marble floor, a sweeping staircase, a vase of beautiful flowers.

ABBERLINE
William! William - it's Fred Abberline!

Gull emerges from a ground-floor study. He sees the frantic, disheveled Inspector - he's been running, sweating. A wave of concern passes over Gull's face. He glances up at the landing - a woman in her 50's, tall, aristocratic, has been attracted by the commotion. This is Gull's wife -

GULL
It's alright, dear. It's a friend -

He takes Abberline by the arm and guides him into -

THE STUDY (DAY)

Gull closes the door and slides his hand to Abberline's wrist -

GULL
Good God, Fred - look at your pulse. It feels like the day after the war.

Abberline tries to calm himself, catching his breath. He walks into the book-lined, gracious room.

ABBERLINE
I'm sorry, William - I'm going to have to ask you to break a confidence... please don't tell me about doctor - patient privilege. Does Prince Eddy have syphilis?

Gull looks at him. Abberline meets his gaze. It's obvious this means so much to the Inspector.

GULL
Because I trust you - yes.

ABBERLINE
So he'd know the uses and effects of laudanum, wouldn't he? I've linked him to a woman called Annie Crook. She was taken by The Special Branch. He may have had a child with her. Annie Crook is connected to the two women killed in Whitechapel -

GULL
Shut up, Fred... I don't know exactly what you're saying... but a hint of such accusations, even as preposterous as these and you're a ruined man.

ABBERLINE
(coming closer)
Listen, William - maybe the women were killed to silence them or perhaps one of them infected him. I don't know. But you said yourself the killer feels betrayed, he's *punishing* them -

GULL
I *know* him. He can barely stand the sight of a *needle*. What are you saying - he studied and practiced surgery? I suppose he used his weaker hand to disguise his identity?

ABBERLINE
What?

GULL
He's my patient. I know him. He's left-handed.

Abberline sags - he's right: he saw Prince Eddy sign the banker's draft at Dr Treves' lecture.

GULL
Sit down. How can you expect to think clearly? You're exhausted.

He turns and rings a service bell next to his desk -

GULL
How long since you slept properly?

Abberline shakes his head - he can't remember. The door opens - the maid enters.

GULL
Draw a bath for Mr Abberline in the guest suite. Lay out one of my shirts -

Abberline interrupts, protesting -

GULL
Belay that. I'm talking as your doctor - I'm trying to keep you on your feet.

The maid leaves. Gull sits down in front of Abberline. Quiet, serious -

GULL
'Long is the way and hard, that out of darkness leads to light.' I think you're down in the labyrinth of this - maybe you can't tell the shadows from reality. I don't know what you stumbled on, but the Special Branch - God, Fred, somebody wants that left alone. I'm speaking as a friend - take a step back. Where are the facts? Suppositions and maybes, that's all. I listen to you talk, and I'm not sure you've even got any clues.

ABBERLINE
Clues? That's the problem! I've got nothing *but* fucking clues.

He hangs his head - frustrated, angry, exhausted by it all. A beat.

ABBERLINE
I'm sorry...

The door opens - the maid enters. Gull puts out his hand and helps Abberline to his feet. He guides him to the door.

THE RINGERS PUB (DAY)

Walter Ringer takes down the shutters, opening up the pub. It's lunch-time and people are gathered outside, ready for their first pint of gin. Mary has come from the opening of Parliament. She hurries up to Ringer -

MARY
I've got to find Liz Stride and Kate Eddowes. I've been to Packer's Rents and most of the doss houses. Have you seen 'em, Mr Ringer?

RINGER
I 'eard Katie Eddowes has gone to Kent, 'op picking.

MARY
She went, did she? Thank God. What about Liz?

RINGER
Peter Leyland said he saw her on Monday at the Horn O' Plenty, pissed out of her mind.

MARY
What's new? I gotta tell her something urgent. If you see her, will you give her a message?

Ringer nods. Mary grabs a scrap of paper out of her purse and writes a note.

MARY
That's where I'm stayin'. Tell her I've gotta see her. Tell her I've got money, that'll put a fire up her ass.

She turns and leaves. Ringer puts the note in his apron.

A FLAG (AFTERNOON)

shows the three lions rampant of the Royal Standard. It flies atop Buckingham Palace.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE STUDY (AFTERNOON)

is a magnificent room - book-lined walls, Old Masters on either side of the fireplace, windows that look up Pall Mall. Queen Victoria of England, Empress of India, is a small woman, almost 70 now. She stands at one of the windows, looking out on Green Park. A huge rally is taking place. A sign behind a podium reads:

Whitechapel Vigilance Committee

QUEEN VICTORIA
It's got to stop.

We rack focus - a man, her chief adviser, is standing next to her desk. It's Lord Hailsham.

IN THE PARK (AFTERNOON)

Sir Charles Warren, the Police Commissioner and Ben Kidney of the Special Branch walk down an avenue of trees. The sun filters through the bare branches, casting tangled shadows across their faces. It looks like a web.

They crest a rise and look at the protesters. The president of the committee - a middle-aged woman - addresses the crowd:

PRESIDENT
Two women dead and not a suspect in sight. How many more women have to die before the Police and Government take action?!

A cheer goes up from the crowd. Warren ignores it - he's worried, angry.

SIR CHARLES
And what about the savagery?! Does he have an explanation for that?

KIDNEY
You know why. The women are traitors, he says. Let the punishment fit the crime. Of course, the reason could be more simple. Maybe he gets off on it. I've known men like that.

Kidney smiles at the disgust on Sir Charles's face.

KIDNEY
I know - it's a comfort, isn't it?

SIR CHARLES
Who is it, Ben? Who are we dealing with?!

Kidney just smiles and shakes his head - he can't tell him.

SIR CHARLES
Jesus Christ! I'm the Commissioner of Police! I have a right to know. Look at these people -

He grabs Kidney's arm and points at the crowd. Kidney doesn't like being touched - he throws Sir Charles's hand off. His cruel eyes bore into the older man -

KIDNEY
You don't have a right to anything! You're like the rest of us - you do your duty. A man comes to you and says "Who will help the widow's son?" and you don't have any choice, do you?

SIR CHARLES
I don't need you to tell me about my obligations. But it's got to stop. It can't go on like this.

KIDNEY
Why can't it? What's it matter what they think?
(he indicates the crowd)
There's nothing they can do about it, is there?

Sir Charles looks at the crowd - Kidney's right, there's nothing they can do. There's despair in his face - how did he get swept into this... if only he'd been stronger. Kidney laughs and claps him on the back.

KIDNEY
Oh, come on, Charlie - cheer up. What about those coppers of yours? Heads up their asses and still looking for daylight?

SIR CHARLES
Not exactly. That's why I wanted to see you. The inspector involved was asking about Cleveland Street -

KIDNEY
(stopping dead)
And you didn't tell me?! Dammit, Charlie! You may be a copper but you're no fucking detective. Three days ago someone broke into our files! What's his name, this Inspector?

SIR CHARLES
Abberline. Fred Abberline.

We hold on Sir Charles' face - another day, another betrayal.

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (NIGHT)

The clock on the mantel shows it's nearly 6pm. Abberline is wearing one of Gull's shirts, freshly washed and fed, but it's done little to ease the exhaustion. He shows Godley the photograph of the women at Polly's funeral.

ABBERLINE
Pull 'em in - I don't know what else to do.

GODLEY
I've got thirty men. There's 5,000 bang-tails in Whitechapel. Assuming I could find 'em, we don't even know *if* he's going to strike again. How long do we hold 'em for? What happens when we release 'em? What are the charges?

Abberline sags - Godley's right. The elimination of Prince Eddy as the killer has taken the wind out of him. He doesn't know what to do.

Godley looks kindly at him for a moment, sorry for the man. He turns and goes, yelling -

GODLEY
Come on - move your feet! Everybody!
We've got some whores to try and find.

BURNED OUT RUINS (NIGHT)

of a warehouse on the Thames are silhouetted against the night sky. A row of filthy slums line the waterfront. A sign swings in the breeze:

The People's Palace - Cheap Lodging

A PAIR OF RATS (NIGHT)

scurry across a room, dodging empty gin bottles. Liz lies on the floor. She opens her eyes - face to face with a rat! She jerks herself upright. What a bender she's been on. Bang! Bang! It cuts through her head like a knife.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Open the bloody door!

Liz crawls to the door on her knees and unslips the bolt. The door swings open -

LANDLORD
Your doss money lasts another hour.
Pay another day or get your ass out.

LONG LIZ
My compliments to the manager - tell him I'm canceling The Ritz. I'll spend another night in his fine establishment.

LANDLORD
Don't give me any of your foreign lip either.

Liz slams the door on him. She up-ends her purse - two halfpennies, that's all.

LONG LIZ
Oh God...

PILLARS OF SMOKE (NIGHT)

and showers of sparks rise up from the jumbled chimneys of London. It's bitterly cold. Over it we hear men and boys singing in Latin - the "Requiem for Dead Souls". We tilt down -

THE DEATH COACH (NIGHT)

stops at an intersection. A candle-lit procession moves down the street: a figure of Jesus on the Cross, Roman Catholic bishops swinging censers, monks in brown habits, the choir raising their voices. It's the night of All Souls - the procession approaches the Cathedral of St John to celebrate midnight Mass.

A DARK ALLEY (NIGHT)

The death coach is parked in the shadows. We crane up from it - above the adjoining tenements. We look down Dorset Street - on the corner is The Ringers pub. We push in on it -

INSIDE THE PUB (NIGHT)

A grizzled old drunk watches as Ringer serves a half pint of gin to Netley.

RINGER
Yeah, I remember - you was the geezer came in a while back. You was askin' about Mary Kelly and her friends.

NETLEY
That's right. You seen any of 'em tonight, have you?

Ringer looks at him - that's a strange question. But Netley's cool. He smiles -

NETLEY
Handsome women, that lot. Let me tell you what I'm gettin' at. I'm a coachman, Mr Ringer. Nothin' I like better than to double team a couple of fillies and take 'em for a good hard ride - if you get my meaning.

RINGER
Double team 'em? Ha! Ha! Yeah, but don't let your head make a promise your dick can't keep. Ha! Ha! I haven't seen 'em for a while. Some of the girls aren't workin' the street any more - prob'ly don't have the stomach for it. Ha! Ha!

NETLEY
Oh, yeah - ha!ha! I've got a hard-on that'd make a blacksmith blush. You don't know where I could find 'em, eh?

RINGER
Not the other two. I saw Mary Kelly, though. She left a note for one of 'em -

He rummages under the bar. Then he remembers - he pulls it out of his apron.

RINGER
She's staying in Dwyer Street. Clickety-click, number 66.

He turns away to serve another customer. The grizzled old drunk turns to Netley -

DRUNK
If it's Liz Stride you're lookin' for...

He pauses and looks at Netley's half pint of gin. Netley gets the message. He pushes the glass towards him -

DRUNK
I saw her about an hour ago, pickin' through garbage down near Wilkes Street.

Netley turns and goes. The old guy picks up the glass and empties it in one gulp.

WILKES STREET (NIGHT)

is crowded with whores and drunks. A flower seller works a stall on the corner. Liz Stride - looking for trade - comes out of a side-street. She picks a broken red carnation out of the gutter, snaps off the stem and fits it into her buttonhole.

The death coach emerges out of the traffic behind her. Netley's eyes roam from side to side - he sees her.

Liz walks on, unaware, eyeing the men, swinging her hips. The coach stops. Netley swings himself down, getting ready to approach her. Jack's gloved hand emerges from the window, stopping him. Netley looks -

THE SALVATION ARMY HALL (NIGHT)

Liz has stopped and is talking to someone sitting on the steps. It's Kate Eddowes, half drunk, trying to uncork a fresh bottle of gin. She smiles at Liz, giggly -

KATE
We got back from Kent this evening and been loaded ever since. They put me in the drunk tank - but I ain't never give 'em my real name. Only let me out half hour ago.
(drops her voice, confidential)
We've been celebratin'.

She still can't get the top off. She hits the bottle against the step, smashing off the neck. She takes a gulp.

LONG LIZ
Celebrating what?

KATE
My John's come up with a way to make money. Real money. That's why we come back.

LONG LIZ
He has, has he? How's that, then?

KATE
The two hundred quid reward for the killer. It's gotta be that artist bloke.

Liz looks at her, thinking, working it out -

LONG LIZ
Yeah... yeah. You may be right.
(casual)
What's his name?

Even though she's drunk, Kate's not that stupid -

KATE
Oh shit, it just 'appens to have slipped my memory. What a shame.

Liz understands - Kate looking after herself again. If she wasn't so hungover maybe she could remember the name herself -

LONG LIZ
Anyway, one more fare and I'll have enough for doss money. Then it's home to bed.

KATE
I'm done with doss money. Come tomorrer it's silk sheets for me.
(she laughs)
Goodbye Whitechapel, hello Berkeley Square.

Liz nods a goodbye, walks down the sidewalk and turns into -

OIL MILL LANE (NIGHT)

It's a long and winding alley with no side streets. Liz makes her way down it: a few women, a couple of johns - none of them interested in Liz - the sound of men and women going about their business in dark alcoves.

The noise fades as she goes farther, round a dark curve. A water tank on top of a wall is riddled with rust holes. Water sprays out like rain. Liz walks through it, into -

TAG'S YARD (NIGHT)

At the other end is a passage-way that leads into Commercial Road. The way is blocked by the death coach - it's come round by another road to cut her off. The door is open, the horses' breath turning to clouds of condensation.

Liz smiles and approaches to stroke their noses. Through the steam she sees the coachman standing at the rear.

LONG LIZ
Waitin' for yer Guvn'er, are you?

NETLEY
Yeah - no rest for the wicked, that's what he says.

She laughs, coquettish.

NETLEY
Come here, luv - let's have a look at you.

Liz walks forward, past the open door of the coach - it's dark inside, seemingly empty. She smiles, unbuttoning the top button of her blouse. A hand reaches out of the coach behind her! Jack grabs her.

Netley springs forward and pushes her back, half into the coach. The black case lies open on the seat. Jack has the Liston knife in his hand. The blade slashes down!

Liz writhes out of the way and screams. Jack's hand clamps around her mouth. She batters and tears at him, fighting for her life. Her fingers reach back and gouge at his eyes. She tries to bite his hand -

JACK
(gasping, distorted)
Hold her!

Netley kicks Liz's legs out from under her. She falls to the ground. Netley pins her legs. She writhes and bucks. Jack has his hand tight over her mouth.

The Liston knife comes back and drives at her chest. Just as it's about to hit, Netley looks away - he can't watch. Liz - still alive - stares up at the face of the killer. Jack raises the bloody blade again and plunges it down -

Her face contorts. Blood seeps out of her clenched mouth, between Jack's fingers. She dies. Netley looks back at her, dazed by the horror of it. Jack takes his hand away. Her mouth opens - blood spurts out, all over Netley.

The coachman trembles, shattered. His lips move but no words will come. Slap! Jack's hand strikes him hard across the face. Netley's eyes start to focus - he stares at the blood covering him. He looks like he's going to vomit.

Jack takes off his coat and puts on a splatter apron. He's ready for work.

AN OBELISK (NIGHT)

stands in the center of Miter Square. The light from a single street lamp hits it, casting a long shadow across the deserted, silent square.

A gin bottle with its neck broken off lies on the cobbles. The clear liquid dribbles out. We track along it - it flows into a rivulet of blood. We keep going. The blood comes from Kate Eddowes. She lies dead in a narrow laneway, her eyes staring up - Jack and Netley have found her, too.

Jack kneels over her, deep in shadow, the death coach parked behind him. Netley crouches inside it - he still seems in a state of shock, muttering something to himself. It sounds like a prayer.

Jack finishes his work - Kate's body shielded from us by his back. He removes something (a kidney) and wraps it in a handkerchief. He gets to his feet.

Netley stumbles out of the carriage, onto the driver's seat. Jack gets in the back and Netley snaps the reins.

ON THE CARRIAGE (NIGHT)

The coach moves forward - Netley's eyes dead, functioning by habit alone. Jack's voice comes through the speaking tube. The device distorts it, making it sound like it comes from another world. We start to crane up -

JACK (O.S.)
You can't give up! You're lost, Netley, but I can tell you exactly where we are - in the most extreme region of the human mind, a radiant abyss where men meet their true selves. We'll send a letter. We'll start with our address. "From Hell..."

The voice fades. We are -

HIGH ABOVE WHITECHAPEL (NIGHT)

looking down on the dark maze of alleys and lanes, the endless jumble of hovels. A swarm of lanterns, like fire-flies, are converging on Tag's Yard.

POLICE LANTERNS (NIGHT)

illuminate Liz Stride's body. Abberline crouches next to her. Godley is at his side -

ABBERLINE
It's Elizabeth Stride. Long Liz.

Godley nods. Abberline turns and leans against the wall -

ABBERLINE
It's like the Mad Hatter said - "they tried and tried but it was too little, too late. Off with her head, off with her head!"

GODLEY
What was that?

ABBERLINE
Nothing. A kid's book that's all.

A constable tugs at Godley's sleeve and says something we can't hear. He turns to Abberline -

GODLEY
We've got another one. A mile away.

ABBERLINE
(fearful)
Who is it?! Mary Kelly?

Godley shrugs - he doesn't know. Abberline turns and runs for the police coaches.

GRAFFITI ON A WALL (NIGHT)

is written in large chalk letters:

"The Juwes are not the men who
will be blamed for this for nothing"

Lying underneath it is a piece of blood-soaked apron and, not far away, the body of Kate Eddowes. Police are milling everywhere. The Commissioner himself has arrived. He stares down at Kate's body. Abberline indicates the graffiti -

ABBERLINE
It could have been on the wall *before* the murder - they're mostly Jewish people in the building - but I don't think so. I think it's from him.

SIR CHARLES
Wash it off.

Abberline looks at him, unbelieving -

ABBERLINE
Wash it off?! It may be evidence!

Sir Charles is really agitated. He's near the end of his rope. His voice rises -

SIR CHARLES
I am responsible for the safety of the people of this city, no matter what their religion! Another hour and there'll be two hundred people down here. More. If those words are seen, not a Jew in London will be safe. They'll be killed in the streets!

ABBERLINE
At least it should be photographed!

SIR CHARLES
And somebody sells a copy to "The Star"? I don't want any record of it. Not even a rumor about it, you hear?

Again, Abberline starts to protest but Godley puts his hand on his arm, restraining him, warning him. Abberline shoots him a glance - and acquiesces. He turns and walks off. Godley speaks quietly to two constables -

GODLEY
Wash it off.

The coppers find cloths and draw water from a horse trough. Godley joins Abberline.

ABBERLINE
Thank you, Sergeant.

GODLEY
Strange an intelligent killer should mis-spell the word "Jews". Of course, it may not mean them at all. My father told me once the three biggest traitors in history were men called the "Ju-eys". God knows how you spell it. He was a Mason - I suppose it was their stuff.

ABBERLINE
(turning, alert)
What else did he tell you?

GODLEY
Always muttering about the Catholics. I was just a kid. Load of old bollocks, I thought.

Abberline turns and looks at the wall - one of the constables is still scrubbing away. The word Juwes is all that remains.

THE BELL OF BIG BEN (NIGHT)

chimes the hour. It's 4am. The sign out the front of Mrs Finnane's boarding house in Dwyer Street creaks in the wind. From nearby we hear the sound of horse's snorting, stamping their hooves.

We crane up from the sign to the second story windows of the rambling house.

INSIDE A ROOM (NIGHT)

Mary lies under the blankets, tossing and turning. Her eyes flick open - she listens. From in the street - the horses snorting, louder. She looks out the window but the road is deserted. She strains to hear - from deep in the house, a back door opening softly. She gets out of bed and pulls on her dress.

THE BACK STAIRS (NIGHT)

Mary comes down the darkened stairs and enters a shadow-filled kitchen. She listens - nothing. She makes her way through it - a cat lying on a heap of sacks watches her... sand runs through a timer... a pot hanging in a pantry swings quietly.

She sees the back door - it's ajar! She goes towards it. A door behind her - into the coal store - opens. A man steps out.

A rustle of clothing - Mary turns, about to scream! It's the coal-man, making his weekly delivery. His mate comes through the back door, carrying another sack.

COAL-MAN
Sorry, missus - didn't mean to startle yer.

Mary nods, trying to calm herself. The coal-man smiles -

COAL-MAN
Can't be too careful. Another two girls got murdered up t'other end of Whitechapel tonight. Terrible business.

The color drains from Mary's face. She stares at him but he doesn't notice - he's already heading for the door.

COAL-MAN
Anyway, goodnight.

He finds a key on a large key-ring he carries, goes out the door and locks it. Mary sinks on to a chair staring straight ahead. From the sitting room, a grandfather clock chimes the quarter hour. Hell's bells.

DAY IS BREAKING (DAWN)

but it doesn't bring much sense of hope: clouds are gathering - there's more rain on the way. People are already in Dwyer Street, heading for work. Mary comes out the front door of the boarding house, carrying her purse and a carpet bag - she's moving out... got to keep moving. She goes fast down the road.

We hold on a block of stables opposite. A kid - no more than twelve - watches her. He tosses his grooming brush to another kid, pulls on his jacket and sets off in pursuit. The sound of thunder carries over -

THE RAIN (DAY)

beats down on a pleasant square - grand old houses converted into flats, a public garden in the middle. Abberline is drenched. He passes a sweet shop - warm and inviting on such a miserable day - then checks the address on the gold-edged card he took from Dark Annie's possessions. He goes up a flight of steps -

INSIDE SICKERT'S STUDIO (DAY)

The Housekeeper watches as Abberline walks silently through the apartment, pulling dust sheets off of canvasses. Against a wall he finds sketches of Polly Nichols and Dark Annie. A couple of them are nudes. Abberline holds them up to the light -

HOUSEKEEPER
I don't understand what interest the police could have in Mr Sickert.

ABBERLINE
Maybe after he painted them, he thought he could throw away the originals. Did he often use women from Whitechapel?

HOUSEKEEPER
For a certain type of painting. No respectable woman would do it, would she?

Abberline takes off the dust sheet off the easel. The face of Mary Kelly stares back at him. It's very good - an oil on canvas, showing Mary from the shoulders up, dressed in a jacket and bonnet. The title is written on the bottom of the canvas -

Blackmail (or Mrs Barrett)

Abberline keeps staring at it, a cold chill passing over him.

HOUSEKEEPER
Is something wrong?

ABBERLINE
No. I know her, that's all. I thought her name was Mary Kelly.

HOUSEKEEPER
It is. She told me she was separated from her husband. Barrett was her married name.

Abberline looks again at the title - at one word of it. Blackmail.

THE DEATH COACH (DAY)

stands in front of the stables. The carriage horses are nearby, being washed and fed. The stable-boy who followed Mary is talking to Netley. The coachman is still a wreck - his eyes are hollow and sunken, his voice a rasping whisper.

NETLEY
Not shittin' me, are you? You sure that's where she went?

STABLE-BOY
'Course I am - I even got an ol' geezer to pen it out for me.

Netley gives the kid sixpence and grabs the dirty scrap of paper. He looks at the address - 13 Miller's Court.

MITER SQUARE (AFTERNOON)

Every minute brings more people into the square. A huge crowd mills around the obelisk, trying to catch a glimpse of the lane where Kate's body was found. Godley and teams of other police try to keep the mob at bay.

A preacher on a ladder and is trying to lead them in prayer. A group of nuns keep silent vigil. A salesman stands on the back of a cart brandishing a walking stick. The knob is the head of a monk wearing a cowl. The salesman has dozens of them -

SALESMAN
Beware, ladies and gentlemen - this is Miter Square, cursed in the sight of God since the year 1530. The Priory of the Holy Trinity once stood at this very spot. In the early hours of the morning a young woman knelt at the altar, bent in prayer. A man appeared, ghost-like in the shadow. A monk. He murdered her in the midst of her devotions. A man of God doing the Devil's work - whose likeness is carved on these walking sticks. Now the curse has struck again. Who could refuse such a souvenir?

We pull back to find Abberline elbowing through the crowd. He finds Godley -

GODLEY
We've been looking for you - I need more men!

ABBERLINE
I've been down the British Library - you were right about the 'Ju-eys'.I don't understand everything, but look at the name -

He points at the street sign -

ABBERLINE
The miter is a sacred symbol of the Freemasons. So is the obelisk. Take all the things we've got - the victim's clothes, notes, artists' sketches - try to recreate each murder scene. Photograph it! There's a meaning in it. Bugger crowd control - get going!

Godley barely follows what he is talking about, but he hears the urgency. He goes.

GASLIGHTS ARE BURNING (TWILIGHT)

in Sir Charles Warren's office - darkness falls early these days. The Commissioner is dictating a letter to a male secretary. There is an air of sadness, defeat, to him -

SIR CHARLES
Address it to the Home Secretary. My Lord -

A constable comes to the door and catches the Commissioner's eye -

CONSTABLE
Inspector Abberline, sir. I've told him you're not available but he insists. He's waiting outside.

SIR CHARLES
(hard)
No. Tell him I'm in a meeting. Say to come back tomorrow - he'll have heard the news by then.

He turns - Abberline has come in and stands in the half-open doorway.

SIR CHARLES
What makes you think you can come barging in here -

Abberline makes a motion across his chest with the palm of his hand. We've seen it before - at the Mason's meeting. Sir Charles stares at him. He turns to the secretary and the constable -

SIR CHARLES
Get out.

They go. Abberline comes forward and puts out his hand, fist clenched pinky finger extended. Sir Charles, uncertain, finally reaches out and responds with the ritual handshake of a Mason. He looks at Abberline, perplexed -

SIR CHARLES
I didn't realize -

ABBERLINE
I'm not a Mason - but you obviously are. That's why you had the word "Ju-eys" scrubbed out, wasn't it?

SIR CHARLES
Ju-eys? What are you talking about?

ABBERLINE
Don't play me the fool. The three Ju-eys: Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum betrayed the legendary founder of the Masons. Who wrote it there, Sir Charles? Who was sending a sign to other Masons that this was their work?

SIR CHARLES
Get out - you don't know what you're talking about.

ABBERLINE
There's a saying, isn't there - "Who will help the widow's son?"

SIR CHARLES
I told you to go!

ABBERLINE
When one Mason says it to another, it means he should render assistance without pause or question. Queen Victoria's a widow, isn't she? Who's helping the widow's grandson? Who's the killer?!

SIR CHARLES
(blustering)
You don't think... good God, man! What are you talking about?

ABBERLINE
For once in your life, have a little backbone! Four women dead in Whitechapel and night's coming on. It's not over yet, is it?! You're the Police Commissioner. Don't you have a duty before the law!

Sweat courses down Abberline's haggard cheeks - if there's more murder to be done, it might be in this room. Sir Charles looks at him. Slowly he sits down -

SIR CHARLES
Don't tell me about duty. The letter I was writing is my resignation... a small, private protest. I wash my hands of it.

ABBERLINE
Who is it?

SIR CHARLES
I don't know. I was told to make sure the officer at Whitechapel was "reliable". As God is my witness... I don't know.

Abberline looks at him - the man is too broken, too anguished, to be lying.

ABBERLINE
How high does it go?

Sir Charles shakes his head - he doesn't want to answer. Abberline walks forward and raises Sir Charles's head. He looks him straight in the eye -

ABBERLINE
To the Government?

Sir Charles just looks at him.

ABBERLINE
The Prime Minister?

Sir Charles doesn't move.

ABBERLINE
Higher? The Lord Chancellor?

Nothing.

ABBERLINE
The Queen?

Sir Charles lowers his eyes - that's his answer. Abberline lets go of him - he stands for a moment, catching his breath.

SIR CHARLES
Get out if you can. They know about you. Fred - they know.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE STUDY (NIGHT)

The Queen sits at her desk, listening to Lord Hailsham -

HAILSHAM
Tonight, ma'am. The arrangements are already made. One more, that's all.

VICTORIA
You're certain?

Hailsham nods. The Queen sighs... thank God.

TORCHES (NIGHT)

illuminate faces screaming abuse. An ugly crowd has marched on Bishopsgate Police Station: frightened women, angry men, social activists and a rabble of reporters and drunks. Half of Whitechapel has turned up, calling for action.

The crowd surges forward as a cab draws up. Abberline gets out. Twisted faces, decaying teeth, foul breath surrounds him. A young woman spits on him. Godley and other cops fight to clear a path. Best from "The Star" gets in Abberline's face -

BEST
Any more letters, Inspector? Have you heard from Jack the Ripper again?

Wham! Abberline backhands him across the face. For the first time, Best is lost for words. Godley and a young constable bundle Abberline through the front doors. Someone throws a bottle. It hits the glass of the door -

INSIDE THE STATION (NIGHT)

Smash! The pane shatters. Withers speaks from behind the reception desk -

WITHERS
We got another letter, sir - about two hours ago.

Abberline doesn't stop, heading fast towards his office -

ABBERLINE
Good - file it with the other five hundred.

WITHERS
And the human kidney, sir? File that too, or give it to the station cat?

Abberline stops and turns to the reception desk. A small box covered with congealed blood sits beside a letter on the desk -

WITHERS
I called the Coroner. He says the length of artery matches exactly what was left in Kate Eddowes' body.

Abberline glances at the letter - roughly-penned, rambling.

ABBERLINE
He got the return address right - "From Hell..."

He picks up the box and the letter and disappears down the corridor -

INSIDE ABBERLINE'S OFFICE (NIGHT)

He drops the letter and box on his desk and crosses to a heavy oak door. He unlocks it - it's the evidence locker.

He throws boxes aside until he finds what he's looking for - the long-barreled revolver. He grabs the bullets - there's only three of them - and loads them. He swings the holster over his shoulder, pulls on his jacket and leaves.

FOG AND RAIN (NIGHT)

are gathering around the city like a cloak. Street lights glow in Dwyer Street. Abberline swings out of a cab and tells the driver to wait. He runs up the front steps of Mrs Finnane's boarding house -

IN THE HOUSE (NIGHT)

The foyer and the reception desk are empty. He calls out as he bounds up the stairs:

ABBERLINE
Mary... Mary! Mary Kelly!

He goes down the corridor and throws open the door to her room. A stranger - a woman - turns and looks at him. In the corridor, other doors are opening.

ABBERLINE
Where's Mary?!

Mrs Finnane, the owner - a matronly Irish woman - appears behind him.

MRS FINNANE
She left this morning. In a state she was -

ABBERLINE
Where did she go?!

Mrs Finnane shrugs - no idea.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE (NIGHT)

Abberline comes out the front door - beside himself with worry. He looks down the rain-slicked street - crowds of people, the maze of lanes and doss houses, the fog closing in. Where would you start? We push in on his face - then, suddenly, he's turning, running down the steps towards the waiting cab.

HOUSEBOATS (NIGHT)

ride at their moorings - we are in Maida Vale. Mist rises out of the broad canals. A light glows in a houseboat window -

INSIDE THE HOUSEBOAT (NIGHT)

The Special Branch have made themselves at home. Kidney is on watch, looking through the window, across the road to Abberline's lodging house.

The cab swings fast round a corner and draws up hard. Abberline gets out, runs up the steps and through the front doors -

ABBERLINE'S ROOMS (NIGHT)

Abberline is in his bedroom, whirling through the place, opening closets, looking through his pockets, searching for something.

He stops! A tiny rasping sound - someone is working the lock of the front door. Abberline moves back into the gloom of the dining room and slides along the wall -

THE FRONT DOOR (NIGHT)

opens without a sound. Kidney enters, carrying a snub-nosed revolver. He moves into the study and sees the desk open, drawers out, papers all over the floor.

He swings fast round a corner into the dining room, ready to shoot. The room is empty. He listens - nothing. He moves forward, round a corner, into -

THE KITCHEN (NIGHT)

A large room - cluttered, dark. Silently Kidney steps deeper into it, searching. A flicker of movement in the corner of his eye - Abberline, an iron bar in his hands, coming straight at him.

Kidney spins, gun rising. He realizes - it's a full-length mirror on the back of a door! Abberline's a reflection. The Inspector is right behind him. Kidney starts to turn - wham! The iron bar hits him across the head. He crumples. Whack! Abberline hits him again as he goes down. Bam! Bam! Bam! Abberline keeps laying into him.

Kidney lies still. Abberline throws the iron bar down, turns and moves fast -

ABBERLINE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Abberline throws stuff out of the closet, searching through clothes. He grabs a jacket and rips the pocket open - he finds what he was looking for: the note Robert Lees sent him to arrange the meeting in Christchurch. At the top is Lees' address:

Robert Lees, Psychic Adviser
32 Cromwell Mews

A SIMPLE CROSS (NIGHT)

on top of a Franciscan monastery. From inside, the sound of a Gregorian chant - the monks are singing vespers. We crane down - hard up against the wall are a jumble of buildings - warehouses and artists' workshops. We see a sign:

Cromwell Mews

Abberline swings out of a cab, runs through an arch and into a courtyard. He yells:

ABBERLINE
Lees... Lees... Mr Lees!

He bounds up a set of iron stairs and through a loft door -

LEES' HOUSE (NIGHT)

is a huge, beamed space above a warehouse. It's full of books and artifacts from his travels: a carving of the Indian god Shiva; temple bells from Karnak; stone pages from the Tibetan 'Book of The Dead'; a burial urn from Angor Wat. A row of floor-to-ceiling windows look out on the skyline of London. Silhouetted against it is Lees. He turns as Abberline enters -

LEES
I've been waiting for you. Once again, I've felt him. I ride the imaginary to find the real. The viscous light has grown brighter and stronger. It embraces me. A coach waits in the road -

FLASH

The death coach stands at a curb, Netley in the driver's seat. The road is shrouded in fog and shadow but we get a sense of it - wealthy, elegant.

LEES
A brook with no water, running with blood. A house with no name.

ABBERLINE

looks at him. A brook with no water? It means something to him. He steps forward, intent, listening even closer to Lees' soft, other-worldly voice -

FLASH

A room, half in shadow, clothes hanging on a wardrobe door, a man moving about -

LEES (O.S.)
I've washed and shaved, oiled my hair and soaked my hands. My work clothes are ready, a desk in the corner, a tortoise-shell mirror. In a silver frame, a lithograph of my dead mother -

ABBERLINE

reacts. He moves closer to Lees, barely believing -

ABBERLINE
I recognize those things... I've been in that room.

Lees doesn't seem to hear, he's living the actions of the killer -

FLASH

We are in Jack's dressing room - a candle flickers in the silver dish, opera plays on the phonogram. Jack reaches into the jar -

LEES (O.S.)
I scent myself, a wild herb, the most beautiful of them all, *lavandula officinalis* - lavender, Inspector -

ABBERLINE

reels. He grabs hold of Lees -

ABBERLINE
I know - I know him! Where is he now?!

LEES
On his way. Not so much a man, as a syndrome, a voice that bellows in the human heart. It cannot be contained, across the ages, like a dark wind -

ABBERLINE
Mary Kelly -

LEES
Yes - a name I've heard.

ABBERLINE
Where is she?!

We push in on Lees' face -

FLASH

A group of run-down buildings on the edge of Whitechapel. A rusted sign hangs at the front: Rooms to Let.

LEES (O.S.)
I can feel the fear...in the shadow of Christchurch, a boarding house... on the corner, a pub - "The White Stag".

DEAD LEAVES (NIGHT)

tumble down an empty road. The death coach flies through them. Wisps of fog cling to the asphalt. The coach looks like it's floating, blown forward by the dark wind...

IN A ROOM (NIGHT)

in the boarding house, a low fire burns in the hearth. Mary - gaunt, exhausted - checks the latch on the door and pulls the curtains even tighter. She steps out of her dress, getting ready for sleep...

A BLEAK STREET (NIGHT)

Steam billows from railway yards. A line of hansom cabs wait for passengers, the drivers warming themselves at a fire. One of them turns -

Abberline sprints around the side of the monastery and leaps into the driver's seat of the first cab. The driver yells. Abberline snaps the reins. The horses takes off, accelerating hard -

THE DEATH COACH (NIGHT)

wheels round a curve and across a bridge. The wind moans through the arches. Floating above the fog, is the spire of Christchurch. The coach plunges into Whitechapel. Prostitutes and their customers move along the sidewalks - through the fog, they look like ghosts...

FOAM FLIES (NIGHT)

from the horses' mouths as Abberline whips the cab at break-neck speed through an intersection. The wheels blur as they fly into the Argyle Tunnel. Out of darkness -

A RUSTED SIGN (NIGHT)

creaks in the wind: Rooms To Let. The fog and rain are gathering around Miller's Court like a cloak. The death coach is parked in an alley-way. Netley sits on top.

IN THE CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

Jack - dressed in a cloak, black case under his arm - stops at number 13.

IN THE BEDROOM

The fire flickers. Mary - wrapped in the blanket - sleeps fitfully, her back to the door. The silver point of a crooked bistoury slides between the door and the frame. The instrument hooks the latch and lifts it up. Silently, the door starts to open -

THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL (NIGHT)

The horses leap out of it, flanks glistening with sweat, nostrils blowing steam. We push in on Abberline's face -

IN THE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Jack stands with his back to us, looking down at Mary. Softly he sits on the side of the bed. He opens the case and puts it on the floor. Mary stirs but doesn't waken. The firelight plays over the knives and instruments. Jack looks at her, his face hidden. He watches her for a long beat.

Suddenly her eyes flick open. She tries to scream - but Jack's waiting for it. His hand grabs her hair, twisting it, jerking her head back, killing the cry in her throat. She sees the Liston knife - her eyes widen with terror.

She lashes out with her hands, drives her knee towards his crotch but he's so close he smothers it. He grabs the pillow and rams it over her face, blinding her, smothering any attempt to scream. She bucks and fights for her life. For a moment she rips free of the pillow. Her strangled cry carries over to -

A CAT (NIGHT)

in an upstairs room reacts. Its green eyes flash with terror. An elderly woman in the bed sits up and listens. A beat - nothing. She lies down again -

IN THE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Jack straddles Mary, pinning her. He holds the pillow tight over her face. He plunges the Liston knife towards her stomach! At the point of impact -

ABBERLINE (NIGHT)

screams. But it's not from the blow to Mary - the cab lurches onto two wheels, almost colliding with a carriage veering out of a street next to Christchurch. The cab rights itself and keeps going -

IN THE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Mary writhes, fighting - the only sound, a rasping breathing from beneath the pillow. Blood soaks through her dress. Jack is sweating, breathing fast and shallow. He raises the knife again and plunges it towards her chest.

We don't see it hit - just the blood spraying. A reflex spasm - then Mary lies still, completely still.

THE CAB (NIGHT)

skids fast around a corner. On it, a pub: "The White Stag". Opposite is Miller's Court. The rusted sign still creaks in the wind. Abberline looks across - the window on the ground floor is lit by what must be a blazing fire. The cab screeches to a halt.

IN THE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

The walls are covered in blood. Mary's eyes stare at the ceiling, glazed in death. We barely glimpse her half-naked body but we see she has been terribly mutilated.

Jack - smeared and splattered with blood - has banked the fire into a roaring blaze. He pushes the Liston knife and other instruments into the flames, purifying them.

IN THE CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

Abberline flies down the corridor, round a corner. He sees the door to a room is open. A feeling of dread -

ABBERLINE
Mary... Mary!

THE BEDROOM (NIGHT)

is empty, lit by the blazing fire. Abberline comes through the door. He sees the blood smeared all over the walls, a mess of what seem like red rags on the bed.

He goes towards it and forces himself to look. Mary's dead face stares up at him. We push in on him - anguish and fury overwhelm him. He turns away, fighting for calm in the maelstrom.

Crack! The sound of a whip, like a pistol-shot. Abberline turns and runs, into the corridor, through the kitchen, out the back of the building -

THE REAR OF GARDENER'S COURT (NIGHT)

Through a ragged wooden fence, he sees the death coach gathering speed. He sprints across the courtyard, onto a washing trough and hauls himself onto the roof of an out-house. He sprints scrambles onto the roof of an adjoining building.

IN THE ROAD (NIGHT)

The death coach turns into an empty road. We tilt up - Abberline runs along the roof-tops, gaining on it. He stops, pulls out the long barreled revolver, steadies himself and aims at Netley -

ON THE COACH (NIGHT)

Bang! The bullet blasts the whip from Netley's hand and skims a horse. The horses bolt! Netley, blood streaming from his fingers, drops the reins.

The horses, uncontrolled, charge across the street. Netley leans forward to retrieve the reins. The horses leap a curb onto the sidewalk. Netley is thrown forward, between their flanks. He grabs part of the harness -

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE (NIGHT)

Jack is thrown forward - his head hits the bottom of a luggage rack. Blood pulses from a long gash on his forehead.

ON THE ROOF-TOP (NIGHT)

Abberline drops from the roof. He hits the ground running, chasing the coach.

IN THE STREET (NIGHT)

The coach races down the sidewalk, back over the curb and swings into a cross street. It sways and weaves. The wheels spin furiously.

Netley hangs by part of the harness, trying to drag himself up between the horses. A leather strap strains and buckles - it snaps! Netley falls onto the cobblestones. He just has time to see -

A wheel coming straight at him. He screams! The front wheel goes over his legs, breaking them. The back wheel hits his neck, snapping it. He's dead. The horses, barely in their traces, totally out of control, veer to the right -

THE EYE OF A LION (NIGHT)

looks straight at the bolting horses. Two stone lions guard the wide steps that lead to the doors of a Magistrate's court. The horses charge up the steps but their hooves can't find purchase. They slide to a halt, foaming at the mouth.

A light comes on - a caretaker looks out from a second-story window. Across the road, a pub door opens - people spill out, attracted by the commotion. They see -

IN THE STREET (NIGHT)

Abberline - in pain, sweat-stained and exhausted - runs out of the fog. We hold on his face as he goes towards the coach. He reaches out and opens the door -

INSIDE THE COACH (NIGHT)

Jack turns and looks. He's exhausted from his work on Mary. The wound on his forehead is a livid gash, his clothes and hands still smeared with Mary's blood. For the first time we see his face. It's Sir William Gull.

He and Abberline look at each other -

GULL
The Lord creates us all for His divine purpose. I heard the footsteps of my own. There's never been anything like it - the Industrial Revolution of death. It was a grand work, intricate, every movement laced with significance and meaning. Men will look back on this - they'll say I gave birth to the Twentieth Century.

Abberline raises the revolver -

ABBERLINE
Look at me. I want to see your eyes when the life dies.

Abberline pulls the hammer back. Gull looks him straight in the eye -

GULL
Common murder is for common men. There's nothing you can do. It's finished. I have stood in the Sea of Tranquillity, I have seen the five rings of Saturn. I have done my duty. How many men can say that?

Abberline puts the barrel to Gull's forehead -

ABBERLINE
One more in a second. Five dead and hell coming on - it may not be justice, not for Mary or the others, but it's the best I can do.

GULL
They'll hang you - you know that.

ABBERLINE
Probably. Say goodbye.

Gull looks at him. Nothing but hopeless anger in Abberline's eyes. Gull looks at him. Abberline's pulls the trigger! The hammer falls. Nothing happens. Three bullets and now it's empty. The two men stare at one another.

GULL
There is a God. "I am come amongst you," saith the Lord. "I will be with you always."

He pushes the gun away. Through the window - men from the pub and adjoining houses crowd around -

OUTSIDE THE CARRIAGE (NIGHT)

They throw open the doors. Abberline almost broken - lowers the gun out of sight.

VOICES
There's a man injured... a gentleman... call the ambulance...

People crowd in, starting to tend to Gull's wound. Nobody seems to care about the sweat-stained, common-looking man stumbling out of the carriage. Abberline turns and moves away. Men start to lift Gull out of the carriage.

ON THE ROAD (NIGHT)

Abberline walks slowly down the road - alone, a man apart, his shoulders hunched against the wind. The cloak of rain and fog envelop him.

THE STATUE OF EROS (DUSK)

in Piccadilly is silhouetted against a green and blood-red sky. It's dusk the next day. We crane down from the statue to a nondescript door next to a bistro. Abberline, carrying a battered briefcase, moves fast through the crowd. His eyes are rimmed with fatigue -he hasn't slept. He goes through the door.

THE SET OF STONE STAIRS (DUSK)

lead deep underground, towards the Masonic Temple. Abberline walks down them and turns into the ante-room. A man sits at the heavy door, preventing entry.

ABBERLINE
I'm here to see the Grand Sojourner of the 33rd Degree members of the Secret Order of Freemasons.

GUARD
I don't know what you're talking about.

ABBERLINE
Give him a message - ask him," Who will help the widow's son?"

THE VAULTED CAVERN (TWILIGHT)

is filled with men wearing the sash and apron of the Masons. Lord Hailsham stands in the center of the room. Sir Charles Warren, leaning close, whispers a message to him. Hailsham turns and looks at the entrance door. Abberline stands there.

HAILSHAM
How did you find this place?

Abberline comes down the sweeping stairs. There are faces we recognize: Walter Sickert, the artist; Lord Norris, the man richer than God; Sir Charles Warren; Sir Richard Wright, the Home Secretary; Garrett Brack of the Special Branch.

ABBERLINE
Unseen threads bind men to history, I'm told. All of them lead here.

He stops in front of Hailsham.

HAILSHAM
I'm aware of the events of last night. If it's revenge you're looking for, Inspector - dig two graves.

ABBERLINE
(quietly)
Justice, my lord.

HAILSHAM
That requires evidence. Theory, rumor, supposition, yes - but you have no evidence!

ABBERLINE
Evidence?!

He slams his briefcase on a table and opens it. It is full of files, photographs, scraps of the women's clothing. He takes out the half-burned photo and throws it down -

ABBERLINE
Annie Crook. A shop-girl whose great misfortune was to work opposite the studio of the artist Walter Sickert.

FLASH

The sweet shop we saw earlier, facing the same square as Sickert's studio. Inside, Annie serves behind the counter - young and beautiful, full of life.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
It was Sickert who introduced her to his great friend, Prince Edward, Duke of Clarence, heir to the Throne. But Annie didn't know that - after all, she was just a shop-girl. She was told his name was Albert Victor.

Annie laughs. Prince Eddy smiles back. A beat - they keep looking at one another.

FLASH

The flat in Cleveland Street before it was wrecked by the Special Branch. A candle-lit bedroom - Annie and Prince Eddy in bed together, making love.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
By the time she found out, she had fallen in love with him and, perhaps, he with her. A baby girl was born -

ABBERLINE

pulls the charred remnants of the baby dress he found at Cleveland Street out of the briefcase. Stitched on the pocket is a name - "Alice".

ABBERLINE
But Annie Crook was a Catholic, as evidenced by her own birth certificate -

He slaps the document down on the desk -

ABBERLINE
She was also an unwed mother and a ruined woman. There's no doubt she would have wanted the father to legitimize her child. Maybe she pressured him... maybe Prince Eddy had some residual sense of honor -

Lord Hailsham reacts to the insult. Sir Charles Warren shakes his head - what in God's name does Abberline think he's doing?

ABBERLINE
I went to Somerset House this morning -

FLASH

Shafts of light pierce a huge room - like a library, row after row of shelves filled with filing boxes. A female attendant leads Abberline through it -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
I examined every marriage performed in the Home Counties during the year of our Lord 1887 -

FLASH

Annie and Prince Eddy - simply dressed - stand before a minister in a tiny village church. The only witnesses are two farm laborers -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
On June 13th, at the village of Upper Beeding in the county of West Sussex, Annie Mary Crook married Albert Victor.

ABBERLINE

takes out a copy of the wedding certificate and throws it on the table.

ABBERLINE
What would that make Annie Crook - a shop-girl, a Catholic - when her husband fulfilled his destiny? Walter Sickert knew the consequences. He came to you, didn't he, Lord Hailsham, the Queen's chief adviser?

HAILSHAM
Nonsense.

ABBERLINE
Perhaps it was in this very room. You knew what had to be done - there was a group of men, many of them Masons, whose every action was secret -

FLASH

Ben Kidney and the other members of the Special Branch bundle Annie Crook out of the back of an unmarked carriage and into the rear door of a hospital -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
Annie was taken to Guy's Hospital where she was admitted with "a severe mental disorder". Is that what men call love, I wonder?

FLASH

Annie, unconscious, is strapped to an operating table, her head shaved. The surgeon, his back to us, turns and picks up a bone chisel. We see his face -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
The same records give the name of the surgeon who destroyed her memory. Sir William Gull - another Mason, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. Exalted medical care for such an ordinary woman, wouldn't you agree?

ABBERLINE

lays down the records from Guy's Hospital. He turns and faces the men staring down at him -

ABBERLINE
An unspeakable crime, gentlemen, unworthy of a civilized country or its servants. But that would have been an end to it - except for one thing. A young woman, an artist's model -

FLASH

Mary, half naked, poses while Sickert paints her in his studio -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
Mr Sickert had found Mary Kelly a job and a bedroom - helping Annie with the baby. But after the Special Branch came, she had no home and no income -

FLASH

Mary- nervous, frightened - stands with other prostitutes in a dark alley. A man approaches and speaks to her. Reluctantly, she walks into the shadows with him -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
On the streets of Whitechapel she found drunken men, a poor excuse for sex and a protection racket run by a piece of scum called Tom McQueen.

FLASH

Mary in the Saddlemaker's Yard, confronting Tom McQueen -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
But Mary was not without resources. There was one way she knew to get the money. If someone had gone to that much trouble to keep events at Cleveland Street hidden, they might pay her to do the same.

FLASH

Mary and Sickert stand in the shadows of Cleveland Street, watching the commotion in front of the apartment.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
But she'd never been told who Albert Victor was. To her, he was just a wealthy man with a secret. She discussed it with her friends. Now there were five of them -

FLASH

Autopsy photos of the faces of the dead women - eyes staring, faces frozen -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
Mary, Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman, Liz Stride and Kate Eddowes -

ABBERLINE

lays the photos down, walks forward and faces Sickert -

ABBERLINE
They wrote a letter, didn't they? How much did they want? Fifty pounds? A hundred?

Sickert stares back at him, murder in his eyes.

ABBERLINE
But the money wasn't the problem, was it? The ghost of Annie Crook had risen and had to be laid to rest.

FLASH

Lord Hailsham's study is a stately place. Sickert watches as Hailsham reads a roughly-penned letter. He lays it down, worried. He and Sickert look at one another.

ABBERLINE

turns to his Lordship. He holds him with his eyes, daring Hailsham to deny it -

ABBERLINE
So you went to Gull. Where did you meet with him. At his home in Brook Street - "a brook with no water, running with blood"? I can imagine what you said -

FLASH

It's night. Hailsham and Gull are in Gull's gracious, book-lined study -

HAILSHAM
Who will help the widow's son, William?

ABBERLINE

takes a portable amputation kit out of his briefcase and opens it -

ABBERLINE
The tools of his trade, gentlemen. William Gull is a great surgeon. The man that used these in the battlefield of Whitechapel had to be. He is also arrogant. As he told me last night - "common murder is for common men". Those of you who know him would agree - he's vain, too. Not many men scent themselves with lavender.

FLASH

Gull - in his dressing room - fits a corset over his stomach and tightens it. The phonogram plays opera. Gull reaches into a jar and crushes the petals -

ABBERLINE
On the terrible nights in question, he washed and shaved, as if preparing himself for a ritual. I can imagine what it was like - I've been in that room.

FLASH

Inside Gull's house. Emma, Gull's maid, leads Abberline up the stairs -

GULL (O.S.)
How long since you've slept properly? Emma, draw a bath for Mr Abberline in the guest suite. Lay out one of my shirts.

Emma opens a door for Abberline. He steps into the room - a desk in the corner, a tortoise-shell mirror. In a silver frame, a lithograph of Gull's mother. A candle flickers in a silver dish, the phonogram plays opera.

ABBERLINE

pauses, thinking... if only he'd realized. Hailsham watches him. The Masons look down. Abberline turns and pulls the crime scene photos and pieces of the blood-spattered victims' clothing out of the briefcase -

ABBERLINE
But why the savagery. Of course, it wasn't savagery at all. It was ritual and sacrifice. This was a grand work, "laced with significance and meaning". To Gull, the women were traitors. He knew of other traitors -

He turns and looks at the sacred symbols of the Freemasons decorating the walls -

ABBERLINE
Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum murdered Hiram Abiff, the legendary founder of the Masons, the builder of King Solomon's temple. And when they were brought before Solomon, Jubela said "Oh, that my throat be cut across from left to right -

FLASH

Gull is in the back of the carriage with Polly Nichols. He has her hair pulled back, exposing her throat. We see the flash of the Liston knife, slashing towards her -

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
And Jubelo said "That my left breast be torn open and my heart and vitals taken and thrown over my left shoulder -

FLASH

Gull kneels over the body of Annie Chapman in the gloom of the secluded yard.

We don't see what he's doing but her clothes have been slashed, exposing her chest and stomach -

GODLEY (O.S.)
He laid open the stomach, severed the intestines and arranged them around her neck and shoulder.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
And Jubelum said "Oh, that my body be severed in the midst and my organs of generation cut out."

FLASH

In Mary's bedroom at Gardener's Court, she lies dead, half naked. Gull selects the crooked bistoury from the amputation kit -

GULL
A common woman, insignificant - and yet you get to play a part in the drama of our age. I've given you immortality, Mary - if only you knew it.

He plunges the bistoury towards her flesh -

ABBERLINE

takes the victims' clothes and starts to lay them in various positions on the floor.

ABBERLINE
Even the locations of the murders were rich in meaning. The clothes represent each of the victims - a voice from the grave - and their geographical location to each other.

We crane up from him and look down on the floor - the clothes form a five-sided star, like a flattened pyramid.

ABBERLINE
A pentagram, one of your most sacred symbols -

He looks up the ceiling - and there it is, the same five pointed star in mosaic.

ABBERLINE
What is the point of a great work if the artist doesn't leave a signature, however hidden? A work done by a Mason, at the behest of Masons. An architecture of death.

We hold on him in wide shot, standing in the midst of the bloody pentagram, surrounded by his documents and evidence, looked down on by the Masons and their sacred symbols. He walks forward slowly and faces Hailsham -

ABBERLINE
You said it was theory and supposition. But while Gull lives, it's provable. Perhaps from his own mouth. That brings me to the letter.

Hailsham reacts - a letter. What letter? Abberline hands it to him -

ABBERLINE
"From Hell", m'lord. I think it's the vanity of the man. And if there's one, others may follow -

Hailsham looks at him, shocked, disbelieving -

ABBERLINE
You may not think it's genuine, but let me give you a testament. He sent it with the letter. It's part of Kate Eddowes' kidney.

Hailsham almost drops it in disgust. Abberline turns and looks at all the men - they are subdued and shaken now.

ABBERLINE
I grew up in Scotland, the son of a saddle-maker, who couldn't take a drink without a handkerchief around his neck. I came to London, made a career and took comfort where I could find it. But there's no place in this country for me anymore. You may think of sending someone after me. Make sure they're good. Ben Kidney might be your man. If you're looking for him, you can find him at the bottom of Euston Canal.

He turns and goes to his briefcase. It contains only one thing, something he hasn't shown them - the long-barreled revolver and hundreds of bullets. He closes the lid, turns and walks slowly up the stairs.

The Masons watch him go through the door. Hailsham picks up the letter. He turns to Sir Charles Warren -

HAILSHAM
A letter?! He wrote a letter?!

THE QUEEN'S STUDY (DAY)

A middle-aged, distinguished man stands nervously in front of Queen Victoria.

VICTORIA
And as a surgeon, Sir Robert, are we right in saying that the removal of a certain part of the brain can have devastating effects on memory?

SIR RICHARD
That is correct, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
Even under what we might call "unusual circumstances", a doctor could find ethical reasons for undertaking such an operation?

SIR RICHARD
A doctor can have no higher ethical reason than the opportunity to serve his Queen and country, ma'am.

Victoria turns and looks at Hailsham, standing by the window - that's it, then.

GODLEY'S OFFICE (AFTERNOON)

is a small cubicle wedged in the corner of the station. Day is fading, the station quiet, the shadows lengthening. Godley turns to light the oil lamp. He looks up - Abberline stands in the doorway, his hat on, his overcoat in his hand.

ABBERLINE
If they come to talk to you, tell them it was my investigation, Mr Godley. Say I wasn't a man who ever talked to his officers. Tell them about the dragon - say you never had any faith in me. You're a copper, you know what they'll be looking for.

A look of sadness in Godley's eyes. He steps forward -

GODLEY
It's been an honor working with you, Sir.

He puts out his hand. Abberline shakes it.

ABBERLINE
Thank you Mr Godley.

Abberline turns and goes.

BEDLAM (DAY)

is England's worst lunatic asylum. In a stone cavern, hundreds of men in nightshirts, some shackled, walk in an endless circle. It looks like the seventh ring of Hell.

Gull stands out - his nightshirt still white, not yet soiled by years of incarceration. The once bright eyes are vacant, disoriented now. He stumbles around the circle, trying to master his mind, talking to an old, long-haired man.

GULL
My name is.... my name... I was the... Gull. Will Gull... a doctor... doctor to the Queen.

The old man listens - serious, concerned.

OLD MAN
I understand.
(he whispers)
I'm Jesus.

A JUNK (MAGIC HOUR)

glides by. It passes a row of large, ornate buildings lining the waterfront. These are the offices of the great trading houses. The streets are crowded with a mass of people and rickshaws. Super the title -

Shanghai, 1912

INSIDE AN OPIUM DEN (MAGIC HOUR)

Light glows from beautiful braziers, the air soft with smoke. The place is huge, opulent - Art Nouveau divans, a marble floor, erotic lithographs on the walls. Through a screen - darkly - we see exotic women move in and out of a sunken mossic bath. Water spills into it from a series of fountains.

The last light of day streams through a Tiffany glass cupola. Shaft lit from above, an old man lies in the corner, his fist clenched, chasing the dragon. Next to him is a walking stick, the top carved into the head of a monk. It's Abberline, very old now.

A boy brings him another pipe but he doesn't need it - his vision is fading, the life leaving him. Darkness closes in. Out of it, a woman walks towards him - Mary Kelly as a young woman in Whitechapel. A tiny smile touches Abberline's lips as he sees her once again.

His eyes go to glass - he's dead. We tilt down his arm - the young boy unclenches Abberline's fingers. Lying in the palm are two pennies. The boy closes Abberline's eyelids and puts the pennies on them.

On the face of the coins is the image of Queen Victoria.

THE END